

# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## *In This Issue:*

Julia Kavanagh

By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D.

Our Lady of Matarieh

By Dom Viator

Gold: Frankincense: Myrrh

By Sacerdos Saecularis

St. John Eudes

By Herbert Greenan, C. P.

With the Passionists in China

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## Between the Covers

### *Some Directive Notes and Thumb-nail Sketches*

To the READERS of THE SIGN.

My Dear Friends:

I have thought it well to draw your attention to certain articles in this issue in the hope that you will peruse them the more carefully.

The first two editorials—"Lent and Health" and "This Speed Age"—make sane pleas for fasting and week-end retreats. Thoughtful reading of them will show you the close relation between spiritual vigor and bodily health. Opposite page.

Mr. Edward Warren Joyce, a Harvard graduate, is a prominent New England business man. His stirring indictment of "birth control" may wake up the consciences of some up-to-date Catholics. Page 268.

"Our Lady of Matarieh" (page 269) is an enlightening paper, woven of fact and tradition, on the Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. It is written by a Benedictine Monk of Caldey Abbey, of which a sketch, by the same author, appeared in our January issue.

It's rather strange to find a Protestant minister correctly explaining and justifying, in a Methodist periodical, a peculiarly Catholic devotion. It's almost as strange to find a Protestant layman exhorting, in a secular periodical, the burlesque advertising by some non-Catholic preachers. Read "The Rosary for Protestants" and "Religion Burlesqued" in "Categorica." Page 272.

"Gold: Frankincense: Myrrh" (page 274) is written by a diocesan priest who has the grace to see beyond parish lines. You, my friends, have already given to our missions the gold of material aid and the frankincense of fervent prayer. We hope that this article will inspire some to give the myrrh of personal service.

With "Losing Friends" (page 276) Rev. Dr. Hugh F. Blunt, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Cambridge, Mass., concludes his homely spirituals. These spirituals should be published in book form to take their place with the author's "Great Penitents" and "Great Wives and Mothers." (Books you should read!)

In our January issue a convert took exception to our suggestion that Catholics should invite their non-Catholic friends to hear Catholic sermons. She charged, among other things, that she is "tired of apologizing for second-rate sermons (?) from our priests." Her remonstrance brought us a large number of replies, of which we publish seven. Three are by 'born' Catholics and four are by converts. All will be found instructive by our clerical and lay Readers. They are headed "Brickbats and Bouquets." Be sure to read them. Page 279.

Father Herbert Greenan, C. P., is a member of the Anglo-Hibernian Province of the Passionist Order. He is a distinguished preacher and lecturer. The free moments in his crowded missionary career are devoted to writing. His latest book is "The Preachers of the Passion." You'll like "St. John Eudes." Page 283.

Dr. James J. Walsh needs no introduction to readers of Catholic periodical literature. In "Julia Kavanagh" (page 291) he introduces us to a woman whose life was an inspiration and whose memory should be cherished by all lovers of Irish freedom and independence.

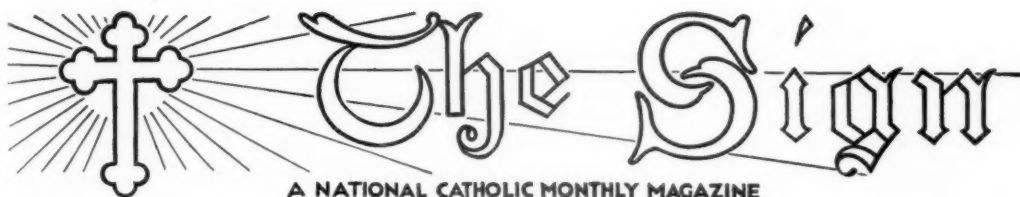
In "The Sign Post" (page 286) you'll find answered clearly and at length some objections of an apostate Catholic. In "The Appeal of Jesus Crucified" (page 295) a new series of meditations on the Sacred Passion is begun. "With the Passionists in China," (page 299) has its usual allotment of letters and illustrations describing the activities of our missionaries in China.

We are trying to better the contents of THE SIGN with every issue, and we hope shortly to increase the number of its pages. To do this latter will mean an added expense. Still, larger circulation will help us to carry that expense. If each of our subscribers will get us another subscriber, the help given us will be immense. May we count on your earnest cooperation?

Faithfully yours in Christ,

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*





A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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No. 7

## Current Fact and Comment

### Lent and Health

**S**HOULD we consider the hygienic value of the laws of fasting and abstinence, we would be less inclined to evade these laws and thereby deprive ourselves of their spiritual benefits. It is commonplace to quote medical authorities in their general approbation of this ancient legislation of the Catholic Church.

They remind us that civilization has set us at a great disadvantage in supplying us with richer foods and in concentrated forms and in removing, to a great extent, the normal occasions of physical activity. The combination particularly favors the disease which is now the chief menace of the human race. An increasing alloy of poison enters into our nutrition.

Quite properly the physician pleads for moderation and regulation in eating only that people may feel better, enjoy life more and live longer. Such are the motives presented by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, specialist in the disease of cancer which he considers the last stage in a series of ailments superinduced by excessive eating and disproportionate drainage of the system.

We do not think that this famous physician could become a popular adviser to those seeking exemption from the fasting laws on the score of health or hard work. It is conceivable that a schedule of fasting and abstinence devised by him would make the Church's specifications appear very generous by contrast. His theory of nutrition is founded on the primitive habits of vigorous peoples untouched by our civilization. Thus in the *Dear-born Independent* he remarks:

We think we need meat. The diet of the Asiatic contains no meat. He can march all day on vegetables and fight at evening. He eats his vegetables raw. He gets his vitamins, which are so necessary to life and health, while they are in good condition. We destroy ours with heat. We eat concentrated foods. Concentrated foods decay and create poisons which are carried around and absorbed, but are difficult to eliminate. The Asiatic peasant eats bread

made from whole grain flour. We eat white bread which contains but part of the grain. White bread is so bad that if fed exclusively to animals for a month they will die. It is not fit to eat. In the first place, it does not contain the food elements that we require. Furthermore it tends to clog the drainage system. Whoever eats it does so at his peril.

### This Speed Age

**P**ECULIAR to our times are nervous breakdowns and untimely deaths. The stress of modern life increases in intensity and the most ingenious of all generations is the most deeply engrossed in the struggle for existence. Inseparable from this struggle are worry, anxiety and the consequent shattering of the nervous system. Men should be warned that while other diseases may be stayed and other organisms restored to perfect functioning, shattered nerve cells cannot be replaced. The best that can be done is to spare the fabric that remains and to guard against future attacks. Nature would keep the balance through rest and relaxation. This provision is thwarted by the spirit of modern life which applies itself to recreation with the same high speed that it applies to work. Says a writer in the *London Universe*:

Pleasure becomes mere veiled anxiety, and our recreation is only another outlet for the spirit of strife and hustle. And so that which is designed to minimize the danger to overwrought nerves is still a contributory cause of the trouble.

And here we see the divine wisdom of the Church in providing a remedy for this special need. For the Church is concerned not only with the salvation of the soul, but also with the physical welfare of her children.

For the modern disease of high velocity, constant unrest, and perpetual stress, she provides an infallible cure—the week-end retreat.

There is nothing rapid about a retreat: it is essentially restful. For a few hours the current of stress is switched off. And this period of relaxation is as much a tonic to the nervous system as it is an external grace for the soul.

And now the medical faculty points to an occasional week-end retreat as the best insurance against a nervous breakdown. The only remedy against the

## THE † SIGN

modern spirit of strife and hustle, we are told, is "to learn to relax, to switch off by means of the country retreat, Sunday rambles, and by getting back to nature or to the cloister. Man needs periodically 'the desert place apart' and all that it implies."

### The Florida Boom

THOSE who are interested in Florida as a pleasant place to live in or where they might engage in agricultural projects should be warned that the Federal Government has had occasion to proceed against Florida agencies selling land at inflated values or without valid titles. Similar warnings are issued by banks, reputable newspapers and conservative agencies all over the country.

That prospective Catholic settlers might find it useful to seek information from the ecclesiastical authorities of that state is suggested by the fact that a Catholic colonization society has been in operation there for several years. On its board of directors are bishops and archbishops, Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee being the Director General. Its chief development is in the neighborhood of Pensacola. Information will be furnished by the Catholic Colonization Society, 1013 Ashland Block, Chicago. Secretary: Rev. Peter J. Cichozki.

### The Reward of an Effort

WE come again to the season, designated by the hierarchy, when you will be confronted by the appeal to support the Catholic Press. You will be reminded of the serious motives that urged our Bishops to present this appeal. The present unrest in religious matters begets an attitude of inquiry and presents an opportunity—an obligation—which will be directly met by a well-informed body of Catholic laity. There is the individual's need of maintaining his fervor against the chill air of modernism and the dissipating influence of the literature now so generally in the hands of libertines.

We would emphasize another reason why the individual Catholic should foster a constant interest in Catholic literature. Such interest will ordinarily be commensurate with his love of God and of the things of God. It may require the painful overcoming of old inclinations—most people read only for entertainment—but all the hardship will lie in the initial effort. Gradually such a man will find himself in a higher world. There will be many a glad surprise for him, many a new and charming vista of life and a more cheerful outlook upon his destiny. *Ignoti nulla cupido*. We crave not that which we know not. Most men plod along in the common way, satisfied with common things, be-

cause their ambition has never been stirred by the contemplation of nobler things.

In the spiritual domain the earnest and attentive perusal of the printed word is really a form of meditation. It produces the same sort of illumination and stimulation. The mind gets new glimpses of God and His attributes and the heart reacts with enamourment, with the love that moves us to do much more for God, to do it with greater ease, and that entitles us to greater merit than when we plodded along moved only by a vague sense of tiresome duty.

Altogether, a delightful experience awaits the man who resolves to apply himself to this better sort of reading, to give his finer faculties a chance to be thus properly stimulated, and he will assuredly feel amply rewarded for whatever sacrifice of time and inclination the effort may entail.

### A Five-Day Working Week

IT will be interesting to watch the progress of the movement already launched for a five-day working week. The so-called interdenominational committee formed by the Jewish Sabbath Alliance is at present largely Jewish in its membership. Governors of States and members of the judiciary have so far met the appeal by declining to join the committee although expressing their sympathy with the movement.

The movement will involve some discussion as to whether this is a constitutionally Christian country. Its main purpose is to remove the friction caused by the efforts of orthodox Jews to be relieved of the inconveniences implied in the legal sanctions of the Christian Sabbath alone. As we have noted before, in communities where Jews are largely represented they have not hesitated to demand that the programs of public institutions be accommodated to their Sabbath observance.

If any concession is made to the energetic and persistent influences urging this reform it will very likely be based on the economic viewpoint. We are plausibly reminded that workers are now actually occupied but a few hours on Saturday and to abolish this brief session would notably extend the week-ends for the purpose of rest and recreation. Industrial authorities, it is claimed, favor the reform as making for greater efficiency through the contentment and relaxation resulting to the workers.

It is further claimed that the resistance to the five-day working week is much less than that which confronted the Saturday half-holiday forty years ago.

The humanitarian motives for this reform have their special appeal. But we should suspect the

## THE † SIGN

abetting influence of the purveyors of modern amusements. These can scarcely be classed as benefactors of the laboring man. Their distortion of our Sunday makes it in many ways scarcely distinguishable from other days of the week and eliminates it from the lives of many as an occasion of spiritual recuperation and physical efficiency.

### Catholics All

MANY pilgrims returning from Rome during the Jubilee Year were attracted to the shrine of St. Francis at Assisi. The registered list of those who stopped over at least one night forms an interesting revelation of the Church's catholicity. During May and June there were listed:

Germans 8,419, Italians 5,912, Americans 5,436, French 4,096, Jugoslavs 3,748, English 3,101, Spanish 2,801, Belgians 1,578, Poles 1,460, Hungarians 304, Dutch 275, Swiss 204, Portuguese 162, Japanese 43, Swedes 30, Australians 29, Russians 18, Czecho-Slovakians 16, Turks 8, Norwegians 6, Chinese 3, Greeks 2.

### Wayside Crosses

THE wayside Cross or Calvary is, of course, a distinctly Catholic institution. It is reminiscent of happier days when the Reformers had not yet disrupted the Christian family with the particular protest against the use of any image as an aid to devotion.

Where the souls of the people have not been seared by materialism, and faith implies an abiding consciousness in the presence of God, there the wayside Cross is found. It is all so natural to them—to be confronted by their God, not only in their temples and in hours of formal worship, but at all times, in their journeys and their occupations. This appeal of the wayside Cross may not be comprehended by others from lands where industrialism has warped their souls and produced that guile that forces a man to suspect that his neighbor deems it indecorous publicly to profess faith in the Redeemer of mankind. One of our poets gazed upon the regions where the battle lines had passed and thus strangely mused:

I think there is no Christ left there  
In all those carnage-loving lands  
Save only this of hollow wood  
With wasp nests  
Hiving in its heart.

In France particularly, despite the old opposition of radical governments, the wayside Crosses are the outstanding memorials of the Great War. Not simply memorials of victory and heroism, as are

the many conceptions in tablets and arches, but symbols of hope in the Resurrection and shrines of succoring prayer for the lost ones.

\* \* \* \* \*

Incidentally we observe that the wayside cross has been introduced into our own country. But only to serve a rather grewsome purpose. In Ohio they are erecting white crosses at every point on the highways where a fatal accident has occurred. Cluttered about certain bad railroad crossings, we are informed, there are as many as a dozen such markers.

### Rev. Joachim O'Brien, C. P.

FATHER JOACHIM O'BRIEN died Dec. 23, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was a native of Niles, Ohio. He had spent forty years in the Passionist Order, having been professed at the minimum canonical age. Ordained in 1895 he was immediately assigned to mission work. His was the rare record of thirty years of continuous service in this arduous field. He was buried in the Monastery cemetery at Union City.

Father Joachim was among the most widely known of Passionist missionaries in both American provinces. He had a unique personality that caused many to prize his friendship from their first acquaintance with him. These will experience keen sorrow in the full realization of his passing as they recall his lively interest in their affairs, his rare good humor, his loyalty and unselfishness. Many will recall the wholesome influence of his piquant but charitable manner of reprimanding the delinquent.

He was ardently devoted to traditional methods and abhorred novelties. This trait was especially manifest in his exercise of the Passionist ministry. His discourses lacked the lighter ornaments of rhetoric but were models of orderly arrangement and clear presentation. There was always a singular directness of application in his message to the people that distinguished him among his missionary associates and that would account for the enduring impression made by his preaching.

Father Joachim labored thus to the end despite the physical infirmities of his later years. The final summons came quite suddenly. Many of our readers will have cause to remember him with edification and gratitude. We bespeak the prayers of all for the repose of his soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills  
And leaves a lonesome space against the sky.

—Markham.

# Dr. Little vs. Jesus Christ

By EDWARD WARREN JOYCE



RECENTLY the press has reported the fulminations of Dr. Clarence C. Little on the subject of Birth Control. Dr. Little, a graduate of Harvard, formerly president of the University of Maine and now president of the University of Michigan, comes forward as an advocate of this pernicious doctrine, which, although it has been condemned by moralists, both Pagan and Christian, for the past four thousand years, is still being supported and spread by those who, like himself, should know better. He says it is necessary to limit population to prevent slum conditions in our cities. "To clean up a mess, we must stop the source. It is unsound and unchristian to encourage the production of children, who will be unwell and unhappy."

Since when did Dr. Little qualify as an authority on Christianity? Does he mean to blaspheme and imply that Christ would sanction the slaughter of innocent babes in order that their parents might live in more worldly comfort? How does he know that the children of poor families will be unwell and unhappy? Does he pretend to assert that the chief reason for our city slums is overpopulation? If so, he argues beside the point. If overpopulation will result from following nature's laws, why hasn't the world become overrun with animals?

Speaking from a purely human and civic standpoint, the evils of Birth Control abundantly exceed the evils of an imaginary overpopulation. If their parents had believed in the unnatural limitation of the size of their families, we should never have had a St. Catherine of Sienna, the greatest woman of her century, who was the twenty-fifth child of her mother, a Saint Theresa, the Little Flower of Jesus, a Napoleon, a Benjamin Franklin or a Cardinal O'Connell, all of whom were among the youngest in very large families. Medical science has proved that, on the whole, the younger children of large families are the strongest and brightest.

The nations that have limited their population have declined and died—as they deserved to. When the Great War began, the birth rate of France exceeded the death rate by such a slight margin that it would take nearly one thousand years to double the population of that country. When the Great War broke upon her, France did

not have sufficient man power to defend herself and would have perished disastrously and completely unless she had been helped by the Allies. No possible argument can be adduced in favor of this diabolical doctrine of the wilful limitation of population but *a thousand cogent reasons unite to denounce it absolutely.*

"Birth Control" is a misnomer. There is no such thing. Births cannot be "controlled." They can be *prevented* and once individuals or nations start on that course nothing but fear of the eternal consequences can stop them. To teach this damnable doctrine is to loose a force, that, like a prairie fire, cannot be stopped until, after wreaking fearful desolation, it burns itself out and leaves only—ashes.

THE first of this godless tribe of "birth-controllers" was Onan, and Scripture tells us he was struck dead at once by Almighty God for his frightful crime. Sodom and Gomorrah likewise bear mute witness to God's hatred of this detestable vice.

Birth control, so called, is a doctrine of selfishness. Its advocates are the men and women who consider children to be only "bothersome brats," people who fail to consider it the highest honor to coöperate with Almighty God as His agents in the creation of the loveliest objects on earth—sweet, innocent babes with immortal souls destined to eternal bliss with Him in heaven. What value do they place on a human life—and an immortal soul? Have they *any morals* at all?

*To murder or not to murder?* That and that only is the question. It is just as much murder to take the life of an unborn child or to prevent its life as it is to slay an adult. Some think this is merely a ruling of the Catholic Church and therefore might possibly be subject to change. This is false. Birth Control violates the natural law which was implanted in the heart of every man by his Creator. It violates the divine law which threatens direst vengeance on the one who takes human life in any form. And as the upholder of God's law in all things, the Church must and will ever denounce this vice to the end of time. The sole question is whether we are to believe and follow Jesus Christ or President Little.

Incidentally it would seem pertinent to inquire why Catholic parents should send their sons and daughters to be educated (?) at the feet of such men in the Godless Universities where they teach.



# Our Lady of Matarieh

## *A Memorial of the Flight into Egypt*

By DOM VIATOR



ABOUT five miles from Cairo in a north-easterly direction, and adjoining the road which runs from the village of Matarieh to Ain Shems, stands a large obelisk, alone in the flat, richly cultivated fields and just

within an enclosure faintly marked by mounds of earth and occasional shapeless blocks of stone. It is all that is left above ground of the ancient and glorious city of Heliopolis, the centre of the paganism and learning of ancient Egypt, whose colleges of priests made it the meeting-place of all the science and wisdom of the East.

The obelisk bears the cartouche of King Ousortesen, who lived about 2700 B. C. It is the only one left of many in the city, others of which have been re-erected on the Thames Embankment ("Cleopatra's Needle") London, and in the squares of the Vatican and St. John Lateran, Rome. But its chief interest is in its sacred associations, for this granite monolith must have been a familiar sight to the eyes of the Holy Family.

The tradition that the flight into Egypt was stayed in the neighborhood of Heliopolis is ancient and persistent. In those days the glory of the City and Temple of the Sun had already waned and it was partially in ruins. In the twenty-third chapter of "pseudo-Matthew" it is recorded that when the Holy Family entered the city of Sotine (another name for Heliopolis, all the idols fell down and were broken in pieces, thus fulfilling the prophecy

in Isaias (19/1). The apocryphal gospel of the Holy Infancy relates in the twenty-fourth chapter how that "On going forth from the city of idols, the divine exiles went to a sycamore, now called the tree of Matarea; and at Matarea the Lord Jesus made a spring to gush up in which the august Mary washed the inner tunic of her Child."

Within the prefecture of Heliopolis was the Jewish colony of Orion. But St. Joseph would naturally have avoided this place, for a temple had been built there, contrary to the divine command that God was to be worshipped in the temple at Jerusalem only. However, the surrounding country was thickly peopled with Jews, and doubtless at Matarieh, six hundred and fifty yards south of Heliopolis, St. Joseph would have found many of his race, and there, the tradition says, the exiles made their home, between the spring and the tree referred to.

In the Middle Ages no pilgrimage to the Holy Places was considered complete without a visit to Matarieh, and it is specified and often indulged in all old lists of such places.

Most writers agree in treating the spring, supposedly turned from salt to sweet water by our Lord, as the most important feature of the shrine. It is spoken of in ancient Coptic documents, including a homily by the Patriarch Theophilus (350-400 A. D.), their thirteenth century *Synaxarius* or martyrology, modelled on older ones, and in their ecclesiastical kalendar. We have seen it referred to in the Nestorian "Gospel of the Holy



JOSEPH AROSE AND TOOK THE CHILD AND HIS MOTHER BY NIGHT AND RETIRED INTO EGYPT



## THE † SIGN



MASSACRE OF THE CHILDREN TWO YEARS OLD AND UNDER

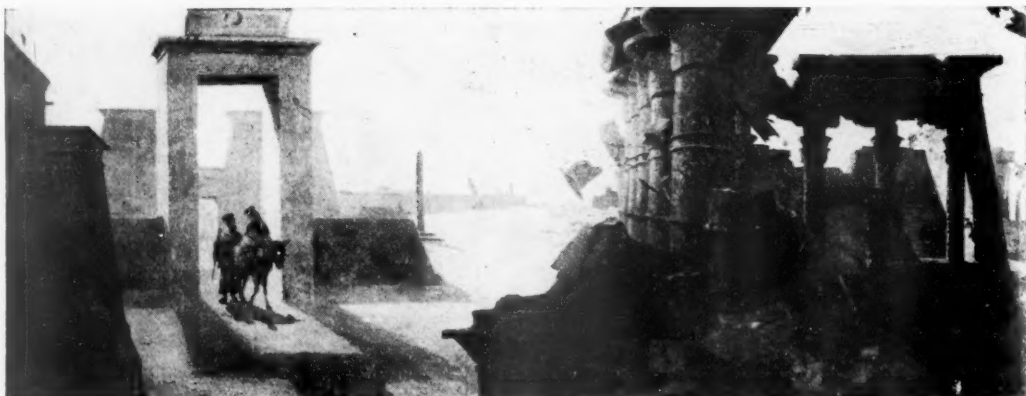
Childhood," and it has always been an object of reverence to the Mohammedans; nor was the cult confined to those of the locality.

Certainly a fresh spring in such a spot would be sufficiently remarkable, the nearest other being twenty-two miles away at Helouan. But unfortunately the ground level has risen seven feet in the last nineteen centuries and it is impossible to ascertain whether the present flow of water from the earth is really a stream or only infiltrated from the Nile. However, the water is certainly sweet, whereas that of neighboring infiltrations is decidedly brackish, and the place names of *Ain Shems*, i.e. the Spring of the Sun, and *Matarieh*, i.e. Pure Water, are not without significance.

The Virgin's Tree of today is a sycamore as was the one to which the Holy Family went on leaving the City of Idols; not such a tree as is known in America by that name, but the *ficus sycomorus* which is the true eastern sycamore. In his book on the Holy Places the Franciscan Father,

Bernardin Amico, shows a drawing of the tree as he saw it in 1596. It had an inverted Y shaped trunk, half of which was detached and taken to the church of the Franciscan Friars in Cairo in 1656. The present tree is a fine specimen, about two hundred and fifty years old, without doubt the successor on the same spot of the one just mentioned, which in its turn was probably descended from the one beneath which Our Lady rested.

Not the least interesting point about the spring and tree is that they are situated in a garden which for many centuries was one of the few places in the world where the balm tree flourished, and though the trees have been extinct here for many generations the natives still call it the Garden of Balm. In our Lord's time this balm was obtainable only at Engaddi, near Jericho, but during the Middle Ages its chief place of gathering was here at Matarieh, and in our own day it is found only around Mecca and Suakim. The product was considered so precious that all the Matarieh "crop"



ENTRANCE OF THE HOLY FAMILY INTO HELIOPOLIS, THE CITY OF THE SUN

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AN ANCIENT TRADITION HAS IT THAT HOLY FAMILY RESTED ON THE BANK OF THE NILE

was looked on as one of the most valuable perquisites of the Sultan, but in spite of this monopoly Holy Chrism made from this balm was used in the churches of Egypt for a very long period.

The Copts had a church on this sacred spot from the very earliest times, and the feast of the "Dedication of the Church of the Virgin Mary and the Miraculous Spring at Matarieh" is still observed by them on Paoni 8 (15th June.) Presumably it disappeared at the Mussulman invasion, and nothing more is heard of a church until the Jacobites started to build one in 1154. But their unfinished building was seized and turned into a mosque.

Later, however, the European merchants of Cairo received permission to erect a chapel, which was put under the care of the Custodian of the Holy Places. This chapel is shown, between the spring and the tree, in Father Amico's book before referred to. It appears as a very plain rectangular building, with the stone basin, in which our Lady is said to have washed the Divine Infant, let into

the floor, and a projecting altar in the wall behind. This chapel was turned into a Moslem oratory by Ibrahim Pasha in 1660; Lebrun in his *Voyage au Levant* (1698) shows it a ruin, and it had disappeared entirely by the early eighteenth century.

In 1883, a small chapel of Our Lady was built in an adjoining garden, which was followed twenty years later by a parish church, the walls of which are decorated with some large frescoes depicting the flight into Egypt and subsequent events.

The tree and spring are on Government land, but entirely unrestricted access is granted to Christians. The shrine is much sought after, both by individuals and organized pilgrimages under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. As has been said, the stream is now subterranean, but the water is drawn up for irrigation purposes by means of two ox-driven *sagiyahs*, those primitive artifices by which Egypt has been watered for thousands of years. The tree itself is well propped and cared for, and protected by a fence from "souvenir" hunters.



OUR LADY'S TREE SITUATED IN WHAT THE NATIVES SHALL CALL THE GARDEN OF BALM

# Categorica

Set Forth in News and Opinions

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

## PIETISTIC PRETENDERS

Even Rabbi Alexander Lyons, who seems to be no great admirer of the Catholic Church, realizes the need of a recognized religious authority in Israel. Witness his complaint in his own publication, *The Supplement*:

From time to time the press of our larger cities brings announcements of some "Rabbi" involved in violating the law against trafficking in liquor. I am confident that investigation would disclose that such men are not Rabbis but pretenders whose main claim to their position is presumption. New York City and other large cities abound in these pietistic pretenders, men who fail elsewhere and go into the pulpit because they are Jews who think more of cheapness than they do of culture or character. I wish that we had some authority in American Jewish life to which a congregation could and should appeal to find out who are entitled to occupy a position of religious leadership in congregational activity. There are "Rabbis" in New York City whom no reputable Rabbi respects, who are allowed to function on occasions where their service turns a sanctity into a sacrilege. What is one of the consequences? A general lowering of the Jewish ministry and its occasional disgrace.

If American Jewry had an authoritative body of reference on rabbinical propriety and identification there would be a host of pretenders who would either have to go to work or sit down and study for a few years to merit and win a degree. It cost me and some others many years to secure degrees of Rabbi Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy and yet a commercial failure, a chicken-killer, a bearded bluffer, with sufficient brass can lead the masses, "them asses," and a good many others to call them Rabbi and even Doctor. There are too many in American Israel called Rabbi. There are precious few Rabbis entitled to be called by the distinguished title of Doctor. When I consider some of the men who are denominated Rabbi or Doctor I wish that people would call me Mister.

American Israel needs to take stock of its spiritual possessions.

## RELIGION BURLESQUED

We have often been pained at the cheapness, the ignorance, the downright vulgarity to be found in so many advertisements of non-Catholic churches and preachers. Our own sentiments are expressed by William Johnston in *Collier's*. He is writing on "If I Were a Clergyman." Listen:

If I were pastor of a church—  
I would cut out circus stuff.

It has gotten so today that it is difficult to distinguish between the religious columns and the theatrical notices in the newspapers. During the

preparation of this article I glanced over the newspapers from various parts of the United States.

Here are a few announcements I caught in advertisements of Sunday services: 'Stirring music by the fireman's band'; 'The Dixie Quartette will sing'; 'A pageant with striking costumes and wonderful electrical effects'; 'The Sunday evening sermon will be Phantomland, the lore and legend of the Southwest—illustrated'; 'An orchestra of twenty pieces.'

There was one line in an advertisement, too, that I suspect is true of most churches—especially those of the big cities:

"There Will Be No Christian Endeavor During The Summer."

As I peruse the New Testament I discover nothing there to indicate that Jesus found a band necessary to assemble a crowd to hear the Sermon on the Mount. The man who has a real message for humanity, who devoutly believes the doctrines he proclaims, needs no ballyhoo to bring the crowd. No clown's antics are necessary to attract attention to his words.

## THE ROSARY FOR PROTESTANTS

In a recent issue of *The Christian Advocate* (Methodist) Doctor Beebe, theological Dean of Boston University, makes an earnest plea for a Protestant Rosary. He has a true notion of the Rosary not only as a vocal prayer, but as designed to suggest and assist meditation. Through the Rosary he would restore to Protestantism "the life of true devotion which it has lost," through it he would repair Protestant Christianity where it "has dismally broken down." All this because he discovers in the Rosary the perfect form of prayer from which "the soul emerges full of health and admirably disposed for action"—St. Teresa. In it he finds how to control his wandering thoughts, how to impregnate his mind with spiritual ideas, how to discipline his moods and feelings, how to know God by being still and relaxed in a great act of quiet faith rather than by straining after Him violently with a clamorous thrust that is half fear. We quote:

All my pastors in my youth were devout men. All united in assuring me that prayer was the breath of life to the spirit. But not one of them told me how to breathe!

Occasional articles by Philip Cabot and Glenn Clark in the *Atlantic Monthly* are popular indictments of modern Protestantism for its neglect at this point. Both essayists are men of culture long within the pale of the Church, always disposed to take personal religion with some degree of earnestness. If Protestantism had any definite instruction to give concerning a method of private devotion, presumably they would have known about it. But each feels that he has learned to pray by sheer accident—at least the Church

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did not teach him.... The fact that a periodical like the Atlantic publishes such writing bears witness to a prevailing interest in and ignorance of a method of prayer among thoughtful Protestants.

My Catholic playmates had better instruction in this respect than I. They were thoroughly indoctrinated with the view that "the fruit of the Spirit" is not a sporadic growth, but is produced by very definite methods of spiritual culture as well understood as the methods of rose culture. Their priests were trained to help them face frankly the unpleasant facts of life in the confessional, giving counsel and prescribing penances that were designed to renovate their souls. (No such individual attention as this was given us. Our Protestant souls were cured in the mass, if cured at all!)

Moreover, their Church put into their hands certain mechanical aids to devotion which we generally despised, among them an old device called the "Rosary." This was a string of beads which the worshiper seemed to count as he prayed in order to make sure that he repeated certain formal prayers a sufficient number of times without losing himself. Was this real praying?...

Any thoughtful Catholic admits readily the objection that formal prayers recited mechanically constitute a superstitious practice. But he will maintain that the significant features of this exercise are the meditations—the images and ideas that enter the mind while the prayers are recited. The vocal petitions are only a kind of musical accompaniment to the thoughts of the worshiper, as his imagination plays around certain great religious themes. Doubtless many Catholics use this form of prayer thoughtlessly and ignorantly. That is beside the mark. Employed as originally intended, it is all but a perfect technique for worship.

### SCOTTISH RITE vs OUR RIGHT

Some of our Masonic friends (and we have some very good ones) are apt to think that we Catholics are unjustly prejudiced against Masonry. A perusal of some of the Masonic journals and a study of certain attempts that the Scottish Rite (in particular) are making to enact legislation contrary to what we Catholics maintain are our just rights should convince all fair-minded Masons that there is a reason for our "prejudice." From *The Catholic Charities Review*:

There is nothing in recent years that has so served to bind the Catholics of the United States together in one common body as the Oregon School Amendment. When the United States Supreme Court declared the amendment unconstitutional we were inclined once more to rest on our oars. But the enemies of the parochial and private schools are not willing to let the matter rest where it stands. The Supreme Council of Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, Southern Jurisdiction, at its recent meeting in Washington declared openly and avowedly against all private and parochial schools. "We cannot at this time but insist," their statement goes on to say, "upon the existence of the principle that the right of the child to avail himself of the educational opportunities of the public school system is superior to the right of the parent or of any corporation, secular or religious, to shape in advance his intellectual allegiance and we should be alert to unite with every movement which tends to the maintenance of such right."

In its decision the Supreme Court upheld the funda-

mental right of the parents to decide whether their child should attend a public or a private school. But the Scottish Rite Masons are not satisfied with the Court's decision. They want a state monopoly of primary education. It doesn't make any difference to them how efficient the private schools may be, how much money they may save the taxpayers of America, or how much they contribute to the public welfare; they want them eliminated.

A careful reading of the latest Masonic attack on our schools show that it is actuated by motives that should not find a place in the lives of any respectable body of American citizens. The Masons pride themselves on their high ideals of American citizenship, but their recent outburst shows them in their true colors as a body bent on stirring up racial and religious antagonisms. The Masonic attack will not be amiss if it helps to remind the Catholics of America once more that eternal vigilance is the price they must pay for their liberties.

### WHAT PRICE FREEDOM

We know that our Catholic mothers are, with comparatively few exceptions, the very salt of the earth. May their daughters follow in the footsteps of these mothers and we shall not have to lament the "freedom" bought at the price stated by A. F. Bellin in a letter to the *New York Evening World*:

By the sacrifice of womanliness, by the sacrifice of modesty, by flattering her wooer's base preference before marriage, by encouraging his baser selfishness afterwards, by hunting her husband to the club and restricting her maternal energies to one infant or having no children at all, woman has at last bought her freedom.

She is no slave of her husband as her mother was, she is not buried beneath the cares of a family like her grandmother. She has changed all that, and the old world of home and domestic tenderness and parental self-sacrifice lies in ruins at her feet. She has her liberty, and what is she doing with it?

As yet, freedom simply means more slang, more jewelry, more selfish extravagance, less modesty. As we meet her on the street, as we see the profuse display of her charms, as we listen to the flippant, rapid chatter, we turn, a little sickened, from woman stripped of all that is womanly and cry to heaven, as Mme. de Campan cried to France: "Give us good mothers."

### A FRENCH PRIEST'S CURE

Humor and gentle sarcasm are employed by the pastor of Vienneuve Saint Georges, diocese of Versailles, in this announcement found in his parish bulletin:

M. le Cure knows as well as anyone the difficulties of the high cost of living and the increased cost of personal drapery. He has the deepest sympathy for the young girls who are unable to procure for their weddings, more than half a dress, leaving their arms and chests bare. He has, therefore, purchased a very fine scarf of fine wool, which will be kept in the sacristy, and which he will be prepared to offer to all young brides who are too thinly clad and who would risk catching cold in our church. This fatherly solicitude, he trusts, will be appreciated by all interested parties.



# Gold: Frankincense: Myrrh

## *The Threefold Symbolism of Foreign Mission Aid*

By SACERDOS SAECULARIS



OUR late Pope Benedict XV in his great Encyclical Letter on the propagation of our holy Faith explained the precept that binds us to support our missions among heathen people. "For God gave to everyone commandment concerning his neighbor, which commandment is all the more urgent as our neighbor is under a greater necessity. Who in fact stands in greater need of our brotherly assistance than the Gentile races, which, in ignorance of God, are enslaved to blind and unbridled instincts and live under the awful servitude of the evil one?"

The fulfillment of this precept, proper not only to popes, bishops and priests but to every Catholic, is symbolized in the three gifts which the Magi brought to the Christ Child: Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh—Material Aid, Prayer, and Personal Service.

### THE GOLD OF MATERIAL AID

THE progress of mission work depends largely on the charitable contributions of the faithful. The missionaries are poor. Their people are poor. Their resources are scanty. Nevertheless, they must meet the manifold needs which the stability of their preaching and teaching demands. Chapels, schools and orphanages must be erected. Indispensable lay assistants, catechists and teachers must be supported. The seeds of a native clergy must be planted, seminaries must be built and maintained and a variety of daily wants must be supplied.

Whence shall the resources come? For over one hundred years the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, that foremost Mission Aid Society of the Catholic Church, has attempted to supply them. Gratitude for what the Church in our own country has received and is receiving from this society, not to speak of the extraordinary spiritual benefits that accompany membership, ought to prompt every Catholic to become affiliated with this Pontifical Association. A daily prayer and a small yearly contribution are the requisites for membership.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, however, can meet only a very small portion of the needs of the Church's apostolate. In view of its limitations, generous-hearted and loyal members of

the Church Militant will not be content with membership in this association as the limit of their material coöperation in the work of extending the Kingdom of Christ. They will help whenever the opportunity arises and will not turn a deaf ear to authoritative appeals that come from struggling missionaries in any part of the Vineyard of Christ. They will remember, too, that the foreign mission seminaries in our country are dependent during the years of their infancy upon the charity of American Catholics. "Give alms out of thy substance," says Sacred Scripture, "if thou hast much give abundantly: if thou hast a little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little."

To be able to give is a gift and, better still, an art which is acquired by exercise and repetition. "But must I be giving again and again?" "Oh no," said the angel and his glance pierced me through,—"Just give until the Lord stops giving to you." It is an axiom of Catholic life that whatever is given to the sublime work of the missions comes back with a hundredfold recompense from the Giver of all things. Almighty God is not outdone in generosity. If you do not believe it, try it.

### THE FRANKINCENSE OF PRAYER

MONEY plays an important part in the conversion of pagan people but it is not everything. Far from it. Our non-Catholic brethren have enormous financial resources. In a recent year, for example, they contributed in the United States alone over forty million dollars for mission work. If money was the only requisite for conversions, the world would be predominantly Protestant. But Faith is a gift. It is a "pearl of great price" that money cannot buy. Even missionary effort can go so far and only so far. God must do the rest. His saving grace must fecundate all mission endeavor worthy of the name. "I have planted," says St. Paul, "Apollo watered, but God gave the increase."

There is only one way by which this grace of God can be obtained: humble and persevering prayer. All missionaries are aware of this truth. When Cardinal Lavigerie began his crusade for the evangelization of the slaves of Africa his first care was to establish on African soil a convent of Carmelite Nuns who would pray for the success of his work.



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The frankincense of prayer is a phase of mission coöperation to which all, even the youngest and the poorest, can contribute. One "Hail Mary" recited daily by millions of Catholics would open the flood-gates of Heaven to drench the barren soil of paganism and transform it into a garden of God. We have it on the word of Christ Himself, "Concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by My Father." "If ever such prayers remained unanswered," wrote Pope Benedict XV, "it cannot be so in this cause, than which there is none more sublime and more agreeable to God." Thus we read somewhere in the life of St. Teresa that it was revealed to her that her prayers obtained the conversion of thousands of pagans. Begin at once, therefore, to breathe a daily prayer for the missions. Pray that the Kingdom of God may come in the pagan world. Pray that the labors of His missionaries may be fructified. Pray especially that He may call other laborers into His Vineyard. Pray unceasingly, for prayer and intercession to obtain Divine help are needed above all and before all things. Faith is a gift from God. We should never forget this.

### THE MYRRH OF PERSONAL SERVICE

TO give oneself to the missionary life of the Church is the greatest contribution of all. The Last Will and Testament of Our Divine Lord—"Go ye into the whole world and preach My Gospel to every creature"—demands that thousands of His followers must personally dedicate themselves to the preaching of His Gospel. It is true that this demand has always met with a generous response. At all times and in all places men and women have been found most gladly devoting their lives to this wondrous work. Wherever the traveller may go he will find the Catholic missionaries planting the Cross of man's redemption. A thrill runs through our hearts when we hear or read the glorious story of their heroic self-sacrifices. Despite all this, the fact remains that the laborers are few. Altogether too few!

Behold the fields white with the harvest! Over 1,000,000,000 human souls still await the good tidings of salvation and only a handful of reapers to gather them for the granaries of heaven!

In Africa there is only *one* priest for every 400 Catholics and 82,000 Heathens.

In Japan there is only *one* priest for every 880 Catholics and 220,000 Heathens.

In China there is only *one* priest for every 800 Catholics and 180,000 Heathens.

In India there is only *one* priest for every 860 Catholics and 100,000 Heathens.

Take the example of a distant outpost of our

own country, the Philippine Islands. Missionaries tell us of parishes numbering from eight to twenty thousand Catholics without priests. The fields, indeed, are white with the harvest but the laborers are insufficient. Multitudes are pleading for the light of the Gospel but there are none to hand them the torch of Faith. Our Lord Himself witnessed to this need when He left us that familiar exhortation—"Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He may send laborers into His harvest."

In recent years America's supply of man-power and woman-power of Priests, Sisters and Brothers, to the mission fields has greatly increased. Foreign Mission Societies have sprung up in our land and their growth has been little short of the miraculous. Everyone of them merits the characterization, "*Digitus Dei est hic*"—"The finger of God is here." It will be news to many, that at the present time, there are over twenty-five Religious Orders, Congregations and Societies in the United States that have foreign missions. With the exception of eight communities all of them entered the mission field since 1918.

Such progress is consoling. By comparison, however, it does not appear so gratifying. Compare it with Holland. Here is a country with a Catholic population of only two and a half millions, forming thirty-five percent of the community. What has it accomplished for the Missions? It supports twenty-eight societies for pagan missions and twenty-seven missionary seminaries in which 3,000 ecclesiastical students are studying. Examining the personnel of the foreign fields, we find there are sixteen Dutch Bishops, 1,300 Dutch missionary Priests, 1,000 Dutch missionary Sisters and 800 Dutch missionary Brothers laboring in thirteen mission districts. We have about eight times the number of Catholics as Holland. If we were to give ourselves to the foreign missions in the same proportion as the Catholics of Holland, we should have over 10,000 priests in the Field, where, as a matter of fact, we have less than two hundred.

IT cannot be denied that, in the past, there have been many reasons why such progress has not been made in our land. The future is certainly more encouraging. Our work during the last six years shows that we are destined to take a most prominent place in the extension of God's Kingdom on earth. Since the Ages of Faith and the awakening of missionary zeal in Europe there has been nothing to equal these six brief years of American missionary enterprise. They prove that we are answering the call of Christ as we answered the call of war-ridden Europe. But we can do more.

Catholic parents should deem it an honor to be

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able to give one of their own to the service of God among people who know Him not. The celebrated Cardinal Vaughan's mother, a convert to the Faith, teaches Christian parents an excellent manner of obtaining vocations. During thirty years, she offered her daily Communion to obtain the religious vocation for her children. The result was that six of her eight sons became priests, one of whom was Cardinal, another an archbishop and a third a bishop. Her five daughters became religious.

The mother of the Little Flower, Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, often repeated this prayer; "Give me, dear Lord, many children and may they all be consecrated to Thee." Her soul's desire was realized. God sent her nine children. Four of

them were taken to heaven before their fragrance could sweeten the earth. The other five went within convent walls and became the mystical brides of Christ.

Examples such as these should inspire us to give the Myrrh of Personal Service to the missionary life of the Church. Modern events prove that they are inspiring us and almost every month witnesses the departure of American Catholic missionaries to fields afar.

Will you give them your coöperation? Will you contribute the Gold of Material Aid? Will you accompany them with the Frankincense of Prayers? Greatest of all—Will you give the Myrrh of Personal Service? Will you go?

## Losing Friends

### *Homely Spiritual Number Eight*

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.



HE happier a man is, the unhappier he is bound to be. That is no attempted paradox. Sorrow comes from wounded love; the greater the number of those loved, the greater the number of wounds eventually. There is a lot of joy in a large family, but when the breaking up comes, what a corresponding lot of pain! I have often wondered just how it feels to have grown up from infancy as an orphan and to have gone through life not loving any one in particular, with not one of the ties that forever tug at the heart; there is no special pain just as there is no special joy.

As the childless mother said philosophically yet no doubt with an ache in her soul, "If children won't make me laugh, they won't make me cry either." But they did make her cry because they never were, just the same as Rachel's because they were and are not. A mother may have many bitter tears to shed over her children living and dead, but she would not have her children one less. Pain she has, such pain as the unloving, unloved man never dreamed of, but she believes herself infinitely blessed in her cares in comparison with him who is so free from care. "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," says the poet.

To a great degree that is true, but it has its false angle, too. To have lost, yes—if it is mere loss by

death. But in that case it can hardly be called loss. Loss of the physical contact, but not loss of love. Love is stronger than death. Sometimes our loved ones are nearer to us in death than they were in life. The Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints is just a suspicion of what the Divine consolation is. With the little girl in Wordsworth's poem, an immortal poem on immortality, we still count the dead as members of the family circle. In spite of the little mounds in the church-yard, "We are seven."

BUT there is, I say, another angle to that "to have loved and lost" that is not so consoling. It is the loss of friends in life, the death of love in life which is very different from the life of love in death. What a difference between the parting of David and Jonathan and that of Christ and Judas! With all reverence one could take that friendship of the Old Testament as prophetic of this of the New. The same loyalty of love in the beginning, but with a very different ending.

There was never a stronger nor a stranger friendship than that of Jonathan for David. The king's son might well have considered the shepherd-boy an upstart and a pretender. But he put his own hopes for a throne aside to let David have it, "thou shalt reign over Israel, and I shall be next to thee." It was a friendship to the death, and after. "I grieve for thee, my brother Jonathan,

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exceeding beautiful and amiable to me above the love of women. As the mother loveth her only son, so did I love thee."

But Judas was not a Jonathan. He knew not Jonathan's unselfishness. If there were to be any thrones about he wanted them. He did not return Christ's love as Jonathan returned David's. What a poor estimate he had of Christ's friendship when he sold it eternally for thirty pieces of silver! He never guessed that Christ's love for him surpassed that of David for Jonathan; never guessed that while his self-slain body was bursting asunder, the sigh of his best Friend, his rejected, betrayed love, was perhaps murmuring from Calvary: "As the mother loved her only son, so did I love thee."

"Despised and rejected of men!" Christ knew the keen disappointment of having His friendship rejected. It must have cut Him to the quick when, on making the promise of the Eucharist to His disciples, many of them lost all confidence in Him as the result of the "hard saying." "After this many of His disciples went back; and walked no more with Him." (St. John, 6/67.)

They had been His friends; He loved them; He had fed them by a miracle. But they had no real faith in Him. Their friendship went no further than their own satisfaction. They did not deserve His friendship; but then friendship finds little sympathy in the realization that the lost friend had proved unworthy.

Love is wounded more by the friend's dagger than by the enemy's. It takes a friend to hurt the *soul*; the enemy's cuts never reach it. That is why the loss of a friend is a loss never replaced. There is one little niche that is always empty. There may be hundreds of other niches all filled, but the empty one, curtained over though it may be and seldom visited, cries out in its desolation at the times of heart-cleaning. It makes little difference that the one rejected can honestly say to himself: "But I was in the right; it was no fault of mine that the friendship was destroyed; he was unworthy." It cuts, just the same.

There is, of course, a lot of the wounded self in it, the heart-pride hurt at being considered unnecessary to the life of which one was once an essential part. There may be even enough hate to bring a bit of personal gratification. But the dominant feeling is that of regret, regret that things had to happen so, the unsatisfied wondering as to the avoidability of the break.

**N**EWMAN has described for us in a classic way the broken friendship of Basil and Gregory. College pals, closely knit as David and Jonathan, companions in the search for sanctity,

a friendship more of the spirit than the flesh, both earnest in God's service—and then the break after many years of good fellowship. Basil had Gregory placed as bishop at Sasima. No doubt it was a kindness meant. But for many reasons Gregory did not like the appointment and in his resentment he wrote to his old friend such burning words that even today after all the centuries they scorch. "Give me," he wrote, "peace and quiet above all things. Why should I be fighting for sucklings and birds, which are not mine, as if in a matter of souls and church rules? Well, play the man, be strong, turn everything to your own glory, as rivers suck up the mountain rill, thinking little of friendship and intimacy, compared with high aims and piety, and disregarding what the world will think of you for all this, being the property of the Spirit alone; while, on my part, so much shall I gain from this your friendship, not to trust in friends, nor to put anything above God."

He also accused Basil of ambition and self-seeking; Basil in return accusing Gregory of indolence and want of spirit. And thus the old friendship ended. The two-edged sword had sundered the cords. Even after Basil died Gregory continued to feel hurt, though he felt the highest admiration for the lost friend. Perhaps that is why it all hurt so much. Even when he preached a eulogy of Basil he could not forget the smart—"For admiring as I do all he did more than I can say, this one thing I cannot praise, for I will confess my feeling, which is in other ways not unknown in the world, his extraordinary and unfriendly conduct towards me, of which time has not removed the pain."

Who was right and who wrong? Both thought themselves right, and there was the tragedy of it all, the pain to both of them. But somehow I feel that Basil's pain was keener at having the character of his friendship attacked. Saints they were both—a sure proof that human friendship is not Judas-proof. Says Newman commenting upon the incident: "This lamentable occurrence took place eight or nine years before Basil's death; he had, before and after it, many trials, many sorrows, but this probably was the greatest of all."

No matter whose the fault, the loss of a friend tears the heart. "Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel," says Polonius to his son, regarding the prospective true friends. But the tighter the hoops of steel, the uglier the gash when the separation comes. Newman himself knew what it was to lose friends. His conversion was sure to alienate many of them, even those who continued to think well of him. Naturally, for their lines were henceforth to lie in different places. That

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has been the lot of many who for the sake of conscience have had to break with the old associations. But in that there is a Divine consolation which only the Divine Friend can give. Friend, yea father and mother even, all must take second place when He claims the heart. It is a heavy cross, but bearable nevertheless.

It is very different from the friendships that are broken, not for a higher ideal, not for a Diviner friendship, but just out of human weakness, human perversity. The break of Basil and Gregory even, saints though they were, was not for the pursuit of higher ideals, but simply through that undying enemy of all friendship—"Misunderstanding," about which both parties are generally too proud to have an understanding.

**I** NEVER hear of a divorce without shuddering at the unnecessary tragedy of it. I think of the earnest wooing, the mutual choice of those two out of all the possibilities of the world, the raptures of love, oftentimes the years of confidence, the sinking of one self in the other, friendship at its highest—love—and then to end in this ribald smashing of the shrine, the attacks and counter-attacks, the appeal to the courts, the ache for freedom from cursed bonds once deemed so blessed, and the perversion of love to hate. It hardly seems possible that man could invent such a horror as this. Yet all of it is traced back to some little misunderstanding or forgetfulness of each one's duty to the other, distrust, or, in one word, the consideration of self alone.

Friendship is broken by lack of trust. In all history I know of no sadder case of the parting of friends through lack of trust on the side of one of the parties than the parting of St. Teresa and Sister Mary Baptista. Mary Baptista was the niece of the saint. Teresa had trained her in the religious life and found her the ideal religious. There was the deep love of friendship between them as well as the same blood. It was because of Mary Baptista's capabilities, not because of personal likes, that Teresa had made her prioress at Valladolid. She was a solace to the saint all her life. Then at the end, when Teresa was entering the shadows, came the tragedy, the estrangement.

Teresa's brother Lorenzo, a holy man, had left a good amount of his wealth to the convent at Avila for the benefit of his soul. Some of the relatives were opposed to the convent getting so much, but Teresa, out of love for her brother and out of justice for religion, defended his will. Mary Baptista allowed herself to be filled up with stories by these other relatives. Teresa on her last visitation came to Valladolid anticipating rest and holy

converse with the beloved niece and daughter in religion. But what a disappointment! Mary Baptista treated her coldly, showed her how unwelcome she was in that convent. She even went so far as to order Teresa and her companion, Blessed Anne of St. Bartholomew, to leave the convent. "As we were going out of the door," writes Blessed Anne, "she plucked me by the sleeve saying—'Go away, both of you, and never come back'." They repaired then to the convent at Medina where they were also unkindly received and left the next morning without even breaking their fast.

In less than a month Teresa was dead. In all the sufferings of her life, and they were many, she had never endured so bitter a sorrow as this breaking of friendship by one whom she had loved so dearly. I am sure that Mary Baptista shed many a sad tear in after days over the loss of that glorious friendship which she in a moment of injustice discarded. How much she would have given to have her spiritual mother back just for a moment to prove her faith in her!

These cases are typical of the great friendships broken in a moment of pique, in a moment of loss of faith in the loved one. Friendship is fidelity and fidelity is faith; and the only attitude of friend to friend when love is once assured is that glorious act of faith which the Psalmist declared for the Divine Friend—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

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### The Poet

By P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY

He sang not of the glittering street,  
Luring to guile in Ascalon;  
Nor of fair women, white dancing feet  
That revellers like to gaze upon;  
Not of kings, of wars, or of desire  
Which bends the spirit to gain or fame—  
*He tuned his heart, he tuned his lyre,  
To glorify a holy name!*

And when his songs had all been sung,  
He laid him down without a sigh  
The brotherhood of the Rood among,  
To die as good men wish to die.  
Nor earthly air the whisper caught:  
That here a singer had his death—  
*O every song so finely wrought  
Had been a prayer beneath his breath!*



# Brickbats and Bouquets

*Follow a Remonstrating Convert. — Archconfraternity Comment*

## INTENTION



THE Intention of the Archconfraternity for February is that we may have more men as members. After all, if there is any manly devotion in our Holy Faith, it is devotion to the Passion of Christ. And our new work of the Lay Apostolate should appeal very strongly to men. Men will spend any amount of time to win over someone to their political views, to some political candidate. Yet how much time do they spend in winning somebody to their religious views, to Jesus Christ? We want men members and men promoters, men who will be ready to work with us more and more as time goes on, and to work in real earnest.

## OUR LAY APOSTOLATE

Last month we printed a letter from a convert criticizing our suggestion about bringing non-Catholics to an occasional Catholic sermon. The criticism was sincere and very well taken. The writer, however, seemed to think that we referred to the sermons preached at the Sunday morning Masses. We did not, excepting possibly the sermon at High Mass. Catholics understand that there is ordinarily no time for a real sermon at the Sunday Masses. Parochial announcements must be made, many Communion must be given, and the Masses must follow one another without delay. Sunday morning devotions for us center in the Mass; and we would not by any means urge a Catholic to bring a non-Catholic to a low Mass on Sunday to hear a sermon. Here it is the Mass that matters!

What was said about the unprepared sermon of the priest had much of truth in it—if we should dignify the ordinary Sunday morning talks with that name. They are very often not over much prepared. The sermon in the Protestant church on Sunday morning, which is the central act of the service, is prepared. But we must remember that the minister has little or none of the ordinary weekly duties of the priest to distract him. He can give himself almost wholly to preparing his Sunday discourse. The priest, on the contrary, has his daily Mass, with its preparation and thanksgiving, the recital of his Office, his sick calls, baptisms, marriages, funerals, sodalities, his school, and a hundred other details known only to himself.

## "REMONSTRANCE FROM A CONVERT"

The convert's remonstrance provoked a large number of communications some of which we publish here. The better to appreciate them, we reprint here the convert's letter:

### EDITOR of THE SIGN:

I think that to interest non-Catholics, as you have advised, by taking them to Catholic churches, would be almost fatal. I am 33 years old; 26 years were spent in attendance in Protestant churches; the past 7 years in Catholic churches. And I must confess that it is a source of never-ending wonder to me how the AVERAGE priest can keep from blushing with shame when he leaves the pulpit and thinks about the kind of sermon he preached. (This particularly in view of the many years he has spent in preparing for his ministry.) I should be ashamed to take my intelligent non-Catholic friends to the average Catholic church, for this reason. The Protestant clergy depend upon their sermons to fill their churches. Mediocrity means empty pews. Protestants know of no such thing as parish boundaries. They go where they hear the best sermons. I have friends, priests, who pride themselves on their extemporaneous sermons. If they had a ghost of an idea how far they fall below the standard maintained in Protestant churches, I feel they would be startled into a little effort. I can understand perfectly how tiring it must be for a priest to say two Masses on Sunday and preach in addition. I do not clamor for lengthy discourses. But I am tired of apologizing for second-rate sermons (?) from our priests; and will not take my Protestant friends to hear them.—Convert, Madison, N. I.

## SOME CONTRASTS

A metropolitan newspaper reporter answers with personal experiences gathered in the day's work:

### EDITOR of THE SIGN:

Our convert friend must be particularly fortunate in her choice of Protestant preachers. In my acquaintance with the sermons preached in Protestant churches I can recall but one which had sincerity, eloquence and sustaining topic interest. Sincerity I have placed first, because so often the minister seems not to attempt to convince his hearers by his own conviction, but to mesmerize them for a specified time with various flowery phrases in which the first name of our Lord is frequently mentioned.

These, to me, dry, uninteresting, and, most times, lengthy discourses are no doubt the result of many hours' careful preparation. They were not sliced in between Confessions Saturday evening and the Mass the following day. The preacher did not have to leave his notes or manuscript for a hurried visit to the sick and dying (which of course does not excuse a priest's poor sermon to the visiting Protestant).

During the past two years I have had the opportunity to compare the sermons preached in churches of the various denominations. Some of the sermons were the efforts of men as high in the Episcopalian Church as a bishop. In this time I have also listened to sermons in Catholic churches. My newspaper work requires this. Where the latter showed evidence of preparation the text, which with most ministers is



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a delusion or a catch-phrase, was followed; the hearer was convinced by reason of the preacher's being convinced himself; and in most cases the sermon surpassed in eloquence all but my one exception. That preacher was a young Baptist minister, whose sincerity was perhaps his chief aid to eloquence.

I, personally, am acquainted with several Protestants who habitually come to a Catholic church on Sunday afternoon when there is to be a sermon. Their surprised comment is: "Your priests must prepare their sermons. They don't refer to notes as our ministers do."—J. P. M., New York

### THE INDEFINABLE "SOMETHING"

From far-off Mississippi comes this comment stressing the beauty of our liturgy and the compelling power of the Real Presence:

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I would like to make a few remarks regarding the "Remonstrance from a Convert" that appeared in the January issue of THE SIGN. I am afraid that your correspondent still has the Protestant idea that a sermon is the main feature of any church service; and she seems to fail in realizing the attractive beauty of all of our liturgical ceremonies.

I am not going to apologize for poor preaching in our pulpits; no one regrets it more than I. But why not take Protestants to church with us to show them the beauty and warmth of our liturgical functions and that they may feel the Great Presence which makes our churches unspeakably different from their own, and which scarcely anyone will fail to notice? Let us help our Protestant friends to realize that, in these things, we have a wealth of real religion that warms the heart towards God, and not a lot of wind-jamming that frequently has no more religion in it than the declamation of a Bolshevik soap-box orator. By this attractiveness of our liturgy, and this overpowering Presence, we may confidently hope that the better disposed among them will be moved to inquire into our doctrines, and be led, ultimately, to embrace the true Faith.

I am a convert myself and it was the sublime beauty of the sacred liturgy of High Mass, Vespers and Benediction, and this indefinable "Something" about Catholic churches which was absent from our own meeting-houses, that led me to take instructions and enter the Church; and I think that many other converts can truthfully say the same.

So in spite of the bad preaching which your correspondent regrets, (but no more so than I do) I am for bringing to our services as many non-Catholics as we can; let our visitors experience this drawing Presence, and let us show them what an appealing force, what a consoling effect on the religious instincts of our nature, that our services have when compared with the cold, forbidding, meaningless "sermon prayer-meeting" of their own churches.

I would suggest to your correspondent (and many other Catholics could profitably take this suggestion to heart) that she read up a little on the significance of our sacred liturgy. If she does, then she need not be ashamed when her non-Catholic friends criticize the sermon: she can point to the beauties of our liturgy, which has a grandeur, ancient yet ever new, and a sublime significance which far out-weighs the most tiresome sermon ever preached. It is my honest conviction that if these things were intelligently explained to non-Catholics, the more fair-minded among them would be more strongly attracted to our churches than if we had an abundance of the brand of good preaching (?) that Protestant ministers hand out every Sunday.—M. Mc. Clarksdale, Miss.

## A MATTER OF PENANCE

A distinguished man of letters expresses his convictions very vigorously:

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The "Remonstrance of a Convert" regarding the quality of preaching in Catholic churches in your issue of January excites my interest, sympathy and admiration. It is seldom, if ever, that Catholics, whether "born" or converts, are given an opportunity of expressing their profound distaste for the sermons which they are forced to endure when attending Mass on Sundays and Holy Days of obligation in this country, not to mention the all too often worse exhibitions of preaching which are inflicted upon them during novenas, tridiums, etc. I have been a Catholic for over twelve years, a convert from the Protestant Episcopal Church. I am a writer, a lecturer on literary and historical subjects, and have travelled extensively in Europe. I have listened (as a penance) to sermons in English and Irish-English in England, in French in France, in Italian in Italy, in German in Germany, etc., and I have suffered from their futility, their sameness and their manifest lack of preparedness. But inadequate as many sermons in Europe may be, they are true rhetorical and intellectual achievements compared to the average sermon preached in American Catholic churches.

I hold no brief for Protestant sermons. Whether Protestant sermons are good or bad has nothing whatever to do with the mediocrity of the average Catholic sermon. American priests may plead lack of time for the proper preparation of sermons, due to parochial duties such as confessions, sick-calls, etc.; but if they had absorbed in their seminaries a proper amount of Catholic philosophy and theology, been inoculated with these truths still further through daily meditation, any long preparation of a sermon would prove unnecessary. Hearing the average Catholic sermon, especially when the explanation of some dogma of the Church is attempted, makes one wonder whether the preacher's philosophy and theology (seven years of supposedly intensive study in his seminary, mark you!) really "took," as we say of a successful vaccination. The Gospel of the day is generally read at Sunday Masses before the sermon. Surely if the clergy studied the Gospel of the day before they read it to their congregations, they would read it intelligently and an explanation of its contents would prove a comparatively simple matter. We have had great orators in the Catholic Church: Monsabre, Janvier, Bossuet, Hugh Benson, Newman, etc. I do not ask the American Catholic clergy to attempt to emulate (God forbid!) these masters of the art of preaching. All that the average Catholic layman asks of his priests is that they should preach intelligently, logically and in an interesting manner, and make their sermons have some practical application to the trials, temptations, and duties of average Catholic layfolk.

While quite willing to admit that the sermon is not so important in Catholic services as it is in Protestant, this admission should not be used by priests (as it often is) as an excuse for slovenliness in delivery, lack of preparation, haltness in expression, inapplicability of their sermons to the common needs of laymen and women. The average sermon delivered by Catholic priests in the United States is a travesty on what a sermon should be. I doubt sincerely whether any Protestant attending a Catholic church could grasp the teachings of the Church on this or that dogmatic or spiritual problem from the sermons usually heard in our parish churches.

I have taken Protestant relatives and friends of mine to hear Catholic sermons. They have come away, not merely unconvinced of the truth of the

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dogmas of the Church, but totally unable to grasp what these truths are; and these were intelligent men and women. In most, if not all Catholic dioceses in England, the Bishops have arranged to have but one sermon a Sunday no matter how many Masses may be said at this or that church. Is this not due in great part to their realization of the inadequacy of the present-day Catholic sermon? Might their emphasis in this matter not be considered by the American hierarchy?

The deficiencies of Catholic sermons are, of course no excuse for not bringing non-Catholics to Catholic services. Our sermons are simply a blemish on an otherwise great spiritual and aesthetic appeal. The beauty of the Catholic liturgy—even the mere presence of Our Lord in the Tabernacle—is a sufficient reason for the presence of non-Catholics at our Masses and other services, however unworthy the sermon accompanying these functions may be.—N. L. B., Cincinnati, O.

### SUGGESTS CATHOLIC LITERATURE

E. D. makes some happy remarks, and recommends the printed word where the spoken word is not sufficiently effective:

EDITOR of THE SIGN:

Is, Convert really serious when she makes a wholesale statement of lack of oratory in the Catholic Church, in comparison to that of the Protestant Church, of which she was once a member?

I myself, spent twenty-five years in Protestant England and can assure Convert, it was not the Protestant clergy who had a monopoly on the oratory in that country.

We Catholics do not look for oratory to fill our churches. The main purpose of the Catholic clergy is the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the teaching of the Gospel and ministration of the Sacraments.

While we have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the Real Presence, the Catholic Church will not have to worry about empty pews, even though our priests do preach such "mediocre" (?) sermons.

All men are not born orators, it is a special gift, and I am sure that Convert's intelligent Protestant friends, (if they are really looking for the Light) will need more than oratory to bring them into the Roman Catholic Church.

Many of our great converts, such as James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis of the Passionists), Father Freitag of the Redemptorists, Father Hecker, (who gave us the Paulist Order) and many others became converts only after many days and nights of deep thinking and studying of the truths of our holy religion. The same applies to the brilliant English Cardinals, Manning and Newman, and the hosts of Anglican ministers who followed their lead. Within the last few years was Monsignor Hugh Benson, whose father was Protestant Archbishop of England. (His father's oratory could not keep his son in the Protestant fold, I notice.) These great men were eager for the Truth and the Light and they found it in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

If Convert is serious in her desire to interest non-Catholic friends, she will find a wealth of literature in the Catholic Church, which she could recommend. A book, especially suitable for one seeking the Light, is "Trials of a Mind" by Dr. Ives, (a noted convert) which has smoothed the path for many converts.

My dear Convert, there is no need to apologize for the sermons of our priests. They are preaching the word of God, and if some have a more eloquent way of delivery, well and good, but just show a little gen-

erosity to the less fortunate ones; they have given their best and their Master knows it and blesses them for their effort.

We Catholics love our priests, and realize they are Christ's representatives. In trials, in sickness and in death, in snow or shine, day or night, the priest will sacrifice all, even life itself, to speed one soul on to its Creator, and, as a rule, we are not too critical if they do not all happen to be additionally blest with the gift of oratory.

Regarding the "Standard maintained in Protestant Churches," I should say, judging from current events, that Protestant ministers are having a hard time keeping their flocks together, in fact there seems quite a few empty pews at the present time.

As an after-thought, I see no reason to prevent Convert from going to hear a good Catholic sermon, and taking her friends along. If she were here in Boston, I could give her the names of quite a few clever preachers (and I wouldn't have to think long either).—E. D. Cambridge, Mass.

### THE HUMAN HEART RESPONDS

A St. Louis convert maintains that the sermon, good or bad, is only a secondary matter:

EDITOR of THE SIGN:

The letter from a convert quoted in THE SIGN for January on the Archconfraternity Page rather surprised me, who am myself a convert, 35 years old—29 years spent as an active and zealous Protestant, 6 years of heavenly happiness as a Catholic. I suppose our convert friend knows better than a Catholic how Protestant ministers must measure up to a high standard as a sermon-preacher or lose their jobs, and I feel deeply sorry for them and don't blame young men from not aspiring to be one. As a Catholic, I share with my lucky associates the respect one is supposed to show our priesthood and if anyone criticizes them, that gives me a fine opportunity to draw the contrast from the standpoint of the sacredness of their ministry, the wonderful work they do and our reason for rightfully regarding them as "other Christs."

I agree that the average sermon preached by our priests cannot compare with the studied efforts of most Protestant ministers, but I take serious exception to that as a reason for not bringing non-Catholics to Catholic services. I know from past experience that what was said when I attended a Catholic service as a Protestant made little impression on me; I wasn't especially interested and, what's more, didn't want to be. But I could not resist the appeal that the church surroundings made upon me; their beauty and the prayerful atmosphere that everyone feels in a Catholic church; and most of all I know that the Real Presence was tugging at my heart strings there.

I can well recall that my most common feeling, after hearing a sermon in a Catholic Church, was: "If they would only preach more of Christ and less about the Catholic Church!" I did not realize then as I do now that to Catholics, the Church is Christ.

I certainly would never lose an opportunity to take a Protestant friend to any Catholic church. And no matter how ordinary the sermon itself might be, I would feel an intense pride in the priest himself. If our non-Catholic friends knew our priests as we do, how they would admire them!

Not once, but quite frequently do we hear good Protestants say: "Let him preach the simple Gospel." That's all they will hear in a Catholic pulpit. If they are looking for learned discussions of things not suited to the pulpit, they'll not find it in our churches.

The altar, the candles, the beautiful statues—all this is sure to impress them; even though they try to

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persuade themselves that such things are wrong or at least unnecessary. There is something within the human heart that responds naturally to their fitness and after each visit they will have to bolster up their faith anew, just as I did every time I visited a Catholic church in the past, and each visit is bound to make an impression that cannot be wiped out and may be the seed that will blossom into the beautiful flower of Faith.

I suppose every convert has something different that was especially attractive in the Catholic Church. To me it was the Crucifix; not attendance at Holy Mass or Benediction; such always upset me and made me cry; I felt an irresistible pull, which I know now was the Real Presence, God on the Altar, the real sum and substance of all the difference, pleading with my soul.

If I felt like apologizing for the quality of a sermon, I should make it an opportunity to bring home the fact that the Catholic Church is essentially a House of Prayer and we go there principally to unite with the priest in prayer and not just to hear a flowery sermon; that one could be stone deaf and yet get all that was best when attending a Catholic service.

Notwithstanding all I have said above, I know also that good sermons often pave the way for a deeper interest in things Catholic and can be a great attraction. Yet I still contend that the Catholic Church is always interesting to any Protestant you can persuade to attend one, though he would not admit it even to himself, and the fact that we are not dependent upon good sermons to fill our churches is a fine proof to the non-Catholic that "It is the Mass that matters" and there must be something wonderful about such a belief in the Real Presence in every Catholic Church.—E. M. G., St. Louis, Mo..

### THE USE OF DISCRETION

It is an unalloyed pleasure to publish this calm and judicious communication:

EDITOR of THE SIGN:

With an understanding heart, I read the letter of remonstrance from a convert in the January SIGN. A few years ago, I might have written on sermons in Catholic churches in much the same vein, because in former years I sometimes listened with pleasure and perhaps profit to the preaching in Protestant churches and felt rather critical of the pulpit efforts in some of our own churches. Time has tempered my resentment, however.

Not long ago, I was riding to my daily work in a motor car with two of my Protestant friends. They were discussing their respective churches and commenting on the merits of the pulpit orators. One contended that so long as the majority of the members of the church he attended remained congenial and sociable, he would be satisfied and would not complain, regardless of the minister getting a bit stale. The other wanted to look forward weekly to a rousing sermon and felt dissatisfied if the minister failed to 'deliver the goods'.

Having relieved their minds, both turned, after a brief pause, and asked me to state my views on the subject. I replied that I went to church to worship God, to pray, to give thanks, to ask for help. An eloquent sermon is helpful, but not essential. The sociability of the other parishioners does not influence me. The main idea is to worship God.

We cannot count on always hearing an eloquent sermon in a Catholic church, but I think the average standard of excellence is as high as in other churches. But almost always we do hear something that makes us think about Christ. Occasionally, we hear speakers of great power.

Now, I suggest the use of discretion in taking Protestants to services in Catholic churches. Much depends on the temperament of the visitor. If he has an inquiring mind, perhaps an explanation of the Mass or of Benediction may make it interesting to him. In any event, the visitor should be impressed with the fact that no service in a Catholic church is an entertainment; always it is an exercise of devotion before the Divine Presence.—E. B. M. Elmira, N. Y.

### EVERY ONE A GOOD ONE

A Philadelphia convert soothes the feelings of any clerics among our Readers who may have been hurt by a convert's remonstrance:

EDITOR of THE SIGN:

In re "Remonstrance from a Convert" would say that I too am a convert but that my observations along the same lines as his have resulted in different conclusions.

One of the well noted evidences of decay in the Protestant denominations is the featuring of the sermon over almost anything else in their schedule of services.

I have yet to hear a sermon from the altar or pulpit of a Catholic church which was not intelligible to all persons in the congregation to whom it was addressed. I believe that the basic function of language is to convey ideas, and from this standard the greater brevity and clarity the better the language. Also, if I am correctly informed, the purpose of a sermon in our churches is to give instruction to the faithful. Judging then by these standards I must say that every sermon I have ever heard in any Catholic church, and I have attended many in my travels, was a good one.

Personally I am of the opinion that the reason the thinking majority of those who are raised Protestants stop attending church at an early age is because they find; first, that the principal attraction there is the sermon; second, that they receive little or no spiritual nourishment from the sermon; third, a growing conviction that as amateur sociologists, amateur politicians, and quite inexpert moralists and philosophers that they of the congregation are as well posted as those of the ministry; this leads to a fourth proposition, which is, that a man is just as well off to stay away from such a church service and take counsel with his own thoughts for spiritual consolation.

Again, in a fiction article I once read there is a passage about a simple English countryman, nominally of the Church of England. He is attending Vesper services in the chapel of a Catholic monastery where he has been several times before. He comments something like this: "It's very good to be here. Now over in our parish church I can't understand the big words the Vicar uses in his sermons; but here the good monks have their own talk that they learned from the Angels."

There is food for thought in these aspects of the case.—W. H. S., Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITORS' NOTE. We sincerely thank our correspondents for their letters. Space did not permit printing all the letters received. However, the discussion is not yet closed. Your views are invited not only on the matter of sermons but also on other subjects of interest to Catholics. The publishing of such views will render THE SIGN a more interesting organ of Catholic Truth.

# Saint John Eudes

*Founder of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus  
and of the Order of the Good Shepherd*

By HERBERT GREENAN, C. P.



NORMANDY, one of the ancient provinces of Gaul, has many claims to interest the traveler who wanders amid the sylvan scenes and historic places in this fair district of *la belle France*.

On its fertile fields, where now flourish fruits in abundance, many famous battles were fought, and through the cobbled streets of its ancient towns the tramp of warring hosts resounded for centuries. From its shores William the Conqueror set sail to subdue the Saxon people and bring England under Norman rule. His success, won at the Battle of Hastings, had much to do with the subsequent history of the Middle Ages, for many European nations were involved in the long strife between England and France for the possession of the duchy.

In a thousand years there have been few changes in Normandy—traditions, customs, dress, and *patois* have been faithfully and jealously preserved. St. Ouen had already built his cathedral in Rouen; Rollo the Scandinavian pirate with his rough Northmen had plundered and pillaged Lisieux; Caen was a well-established city; later, in the year 1030, it became the royal residence of Henry I of England. These three old Norman towns still possess a quaint attraction for the lovers of things medieval, but each holds a new glory in whose radiance all the splendor of antiquity grows dim.

The power of English aggression was destroyed for ever by the Maid of Orleans, when, from the ramparts of Rouen, her brave spirit went up through the red mists of fire that consumed her virginal body. Though not a daughter of Normandy, Joan of Arc is claimed by Rouen for its own. Lisieux, save to the student, was unheard of but ten years since; now through the "Little Flower" its fame is world-wide. A few miles distant from the earthly shrine of this saintly Norman child is Caen, hallowed by the life and labors of St. John Eudes. Whilst, therefore, the new St. Teresa is honored and loved, it is only fitting that he, whose name in the same month of the same year was written with hers on the scroll of sanctity, should also be known and revered.

John Eudes was born at Ri, near Agentan, on

November 14, 1601. His parents, Isaac Eudes and Martha Corbin, were sturdy Normans. For some years after their marriage they were childless. To obtain from God fruit from their union they journeyed to the famous shrine in the Chapel of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, where they promised by vow, if the favor was granted to them, to devote their child to the service of our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

THE early years of John Eudes were not marked by any precocities or prodigies. At the age of fourteen he began his classical studies in the Jesuit school at Caen, where he showed signs of a priestly vocation. His parents, unmindful of their vow, had planned for him a worldly career, but such was his quiet insistence that they were true to their promise and gave him to God.

He entered the college of the Society of the French Oratory—a congregation of secular priests devoted to apostolic missions—and, having finished his clerical studies, he was ordained to the priesthood in Paris, on December 20, 1625. On Christmas Day he celebrated Holy Mass for the first time, with extraordinary devotion, which he had enkindled during the five days of preparation and prayer. It can be said without qualification that the ardent fire of love which burned in the heart of the young priest on his first Mass morning for the Divine Victim immolated on the altar, remained at white heat through the fifty-five years of his ministry. "To say Mass worthily" he often said in after years, "would require three eternities: the first to prepare oneself, the second to celebrate it, and the third to give thanks for a favor so great."

From this inexhaustible fountain of grace and mercy John Eudes drew the waters of wisdom and strength which enabled him to sustain trials under the weight of which another would have been crushed. For scarcely had the year of 1626 dawned, before a severe and grievous sickness prostrated him. Recovery from the illness was slow and, after weary weeks of intense pain, his bodily health was so impaired that his ambition to tread in footsteps of the Good Shepherd, in the active work of saving souls, seemed to have been born only to die. Without murmur, however, he accepted the



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Divine will manifested in the command of his superiors and set out for Caen to pray and study in the house of the Oratory situated in that dear old town rich with his boyhood's dreams.

**S**ANCTITY and laziness are as opposed as light and darkness. Therefore by John Eudes the months of convalescence were not spent in idleness. Instead of brooding vainly on frustrated hopes he applied himself with diligence to the study of Sacred Scripture and the Fathers of the Church. He was thus enabled, through the inscrutable designs of Providence, to lay the solid foundation on which was built one of the greatest structures of effective and enduring missionary labors ever witnessed by men. In the quiet Norman town besides an increase of holiness and learning there came to the invalid healing and strength.

But he was not yet called upon to begin his wonderful apostolate. Round about his native place, near and in Argentan, the dread plague had settled. Without any hesitancy and not counting the cost, John Eudes sought permission of his superiors to bring the consolations of religion to the stricken area. The request was granted, somewhat reluctantly it is true, as it was doubted by some if a constitution so recently weakened by disease were sufficiently robust to bear the burden of such heroic charity and laborious ministry.

Bravely he faced the imminent danger of death from the dread contagion and separated himself from his brethren. For weeks, assisted by so devoted a companion as Père Laurent, he attended to the wants of the sufferers, not only of the soul but also of the body. "We used to say Mass, and then I used to put the Hosts I had consecrated in a little tin box which I hung round my neck. Then we went now into one parish, now into another, seeking out the sick, whom we confessed, and to whom I then gave the Blessed Sacrament." This is his own modest record of those nerve-racking and dangerous days.

A few months subsequently the plague spread to Caen, and here again we find John Eudes as an apostle of charity, becoming the servant of all, and, lest he might carry infection to any, content to sleep huddled in a cask. Worn out by fatigue and weak from hunger, he fell a victim to fever, and for days his life hung by a thread. But God had much more for His servant to accomplish for His honor and glory in this world before He would crown him with life eternal.

John Eudes as a missionary was, to use a homely expression, a marvel. Never, his biographer tells us, since the days of St. Vincent Ferrer did any missionary attract such vast crowds. At one place

40,000 persons gathered to hear him, and his words were clearly understood by all. He possessed in a marked degree all the qualifications which go to the making of the true apostle of Christ. His learning was profound; his knowledge of the Scriptures far-reaching; his zeal indefatigable; his courage indomitable; his way winning; and his heart tender and compassionate.

The missions took him far afield through the dioceses of Bayeux, Coutances, and St. Malo; even to Paris he was often called to preach on special occasions, and his fearless utterances often found favor where least expected. At St. Germain des Prés, when Anne of Austria listened to one of his sermons, he conjured her in straightforward and open words to be faithful to her duties, and he condemned in vehement fashion the abuse then prevalent of conferring benefices upon unworthy clerics. "That is the way to preach," said the Queen to her courtiers, "they who flatter, deceive us; they should tell us plainly the truths which concern us." The mental and physical exhaustion occasioned by the incessant preaching and by the long weary hours in the confessional must have been extreme. Yet he was simply tireless, for his missions often extended over uninterrupted periods of six months. He was a missionary, too, until the end of his life; and we find him in his seventy-fifth year preaching at St. Lo with the same eloquence and zeal that he showed in the town thirty-four years previously.

**H**IS success was phenomenal, but in the early years it was also in a sense ephemeral. The work was well done, but it suffered from the lack of a lasting effect. This naturally was a source of keen sorrow and holy disappointment to the zealous spirit of Father Eudes; but, recognizing as he did the cause of the evil, he determined with God's help to remove it. When the red lamp of war sends forth its lurid glare the light of piety and learning soon flickers and fails. During the XVI century dreadful civil and religious strife prevailed in France, where Catholic and Huguenot fought the feud begun by the rebellion of Luther and Calvin. Priests as well as people were now reaping the harvest of ignorance and indolence sown by the seeder of the sword. So John Eudes would regenerate the priesthood of France. The Congregation of the Oratory, to which he belonged, had for its chief object and aim the education and spiritual training of the clergy. Consequently there would be little difficulty, he thought, in starting his great design of purifying the sons of Levi and refining them as gold and silver. But to his surprise and wonder, when he broached the matter



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to his superiors, he was met with a curt and peremptory refusal. A Jansenistic spirit had gradually wormed its way into the heart of the Oratory, and John Eudes saw with sadness that a great crisis, involving the sacrifice of much he held most dear, loomed up before him. He must leave the Oratory. This entailed separation from friends whom he loved, with whom he had worked on the mission field, with whom he had lived so happily—but God's way must ever win whatever the cost in personal sacrifice may be!

Cardinal Richlieu summoned Father Eudes to Paris to consult him regarding the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline, and, having heard the views and ambitions of the pious missionary, granted him letters patent to establish the Congregation of Jesus and Mary. Without delay the holy founder began his task, and at Caen on the 25th day of March 1643 the Eudist society, formed on the plan of the Oratory, had its beginning. The chief object of the new Congregation was the foundation of seminaries for the training of priests and for the purpose of annual retreats for the secular clergy. Six of these abodes of holiness, one of which was at Lisieux, were built in the life time of the founder.

They were placed under the protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Pure Heart of Mary, and Father Eudes composed the Mass and Office proper to these two feasts first celebrated by his Society; for this reason Pope Leo XIII conferred upon him in the year 1903 the signal title, "Author of the Liturgical Worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Holy Heart of Mary."

He was, therefore, the Apostle of the Sacred Heart, and when God desired that the world should be consecrated to this Adorable Heart it was to Mother Mary of the Divine Heart, a sister of the Order of our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, that He entrusted His compelling revelation of love.

**M**ENTION of the Order of the Good Shepherd brings to mind one of the greatest achievements of John Eudes. He saw the Divine Lover of men in the gentle form of the Good Shepherd seeking the stray and wayward sheep; he saw the tired weary Feet bathed with the tears of a Magdalen. And in his own day too, he met these wanderers from the fold of the Good Shepherd—poor children of circumstance, betrayed, despised and rejected. He would build for them havens of refuge and of rest into which the wolf of sin would find no entry. But this work of the

saving of the lost sheep required the tender touch, the gentle voice of woman. From the heart of John Eudes burning with the ardent love of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary was born the Order of the Good Shepherd. The contradictions and calumnies that bestrewed like thorns the path of the founder, the trials and triumphs of the great Order itself, must be a story for another and longer day, but it may be said that no religious founder bears in his crown of glory a pearl of greater price than the Order of the Good Shepherd which shines like a star in the diadem of St. John Eudes.

Full of years and the graces of a life spent in the perfect fulfillment

of his parents' vow—the service of Jesus and Mary—this man of heroic virtue, whom M. Olier, the founder of the Sulpicians, justly termed "the prodigy of his age," rendered up his soul to God on August 19 in the year 1680. He was declared Venerable by Pope Leo XIII in 1903, and was beatified by Pope Pius X in 1909. The solemn ceremony of his canonization took place in May 1925 when our present Holy Father raised him to the honors of the altar.

As we pen this brief account of his life and achievements, on this the third centenary of his ordination day, we humbly and sincerely invoke his heavenly aid in the simple prayer of the Church: "St. John Eudes, pray for us!"



SAINT JOHN EUDES, 1601-1680

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

# THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS  
AND  
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

## STRANGE SPIRITS

For the past year or so a "presence" has been in our house. I have seen a woman tuck the children comfortably in bed and have often felt clothes rub against me. My wife has felt the hand of this—whatever it is—press tightly on her shoulders. Today when an objectionable story was being told someone threw a spoon from somewhere and I believe that spoon hit everything in the kitchen before it landed on the floor, where it spun for a few seconds and then stopped. We have no objection to this spirit. It seems to care very much for us, though we get a little frightened sometimes. Would it be one of our own people who is dead? Or could you give me any answer as to what it is?—N. N.

This case is quite interesting. From the evidence presented it is difficult to place the cause of the phenomena. Such occurrences may arise from one of three causes: (1) either God directly intervenes; (2) evil spirits and departed souls may, by God's permission, make their presence known to men; (3) our own imagination and the trickery of others may deceive us as to the cause of certain manifestations. Many cases can be sufficiently explained by imagination and trickery. You will pardon me when I say that I do not in the least sympathize with you when this "presence" cuts up a little too much. You admit that you are somewhat partial to "it". I like one move of this "presence," and that is, the throwing of a spoon when an objectionable story is told. This would make it appear that the "presence" is a kind of "clean spirit." Would that there were a host of spirits around when smutty stories are told to let shy, not one, but a multitude of spoons at those who glory in this indelicate art. But, in all seriousness, I would advise you to have your house blessed by a priest. If the "presence" is that of a good spirit, God will make it manifest; if it is a bad spirit the prayer of the Church will be potent in driving it away. Anyhow, you should not be content with the present state of affairs. It is not the right kind of atmosphere for the bringing up of children.

## MAKING ATONEMENT

(1) Can a person who has missed Mass wilfully attend extra Masses on Sundays and Holidays in order to atone for the Masses missed? (2) Is there any special way of atoning for venial sins? (3) What are the local customs in regard to fasting? (4) Can a person make up for lateness and losing time at work by beginning work earlier of his own free will?—J. B. North Bergen, N. J.

After having confessed the sin of missing Mass the penance imposed by the confessor has the effect of atoning for the temporal punishment due to the sin committed. If the sorrow for the sin is sincere and the penance performed, both sin and temporal punishment are remitted. Going to extra Masses of one's own accord will not atone for the Masses missed in

the sense that what was a sin before now ceases to be a sin, but such a good work will atone for the temporal punishment due to forgiven sins. When a certain kind of penance is desired and found to be convenient it is better to suggest it to the confessor in order that he may impose it in confession by way of sacramental satisfaction. Then the fulfillment of the penance has greater efficacy than if done of one's own accord. Apart from going to Mass as a penance, of its very nature the assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, according to the Council of Trent, is one of the most meritorious works a Christian can perform.

(2) Venial sins may be atoned for in numberless ways; by confession, acts of mortification, acts of piety, such as genuflecting to the Blessed Sacrament, tipping one's hat while passing a church, sprinkling with holy water, ejaculatory prayers, etc. Practically speaking, any act of piety or religion when performed in the state of grace and offered up for venial sins will atone for them.

(3) The laws of fast and abstinence are usually promulgated at the beginning of Lent and also announced before the fasting days outside Lent, with dispensations for particular classes. Those who are obliged to fast are allowed a cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate and a piece of bread in the morning, a full meal at dinner (meatless on a day of abstinence), and a collation in the evening, about one fourth a full meal. The collation may be inverted and the dinner taken in the evening. Working people are dispensed if their work is of an exhausting character. On all abstinence days working people who cannot easily abstain from flesh meat are allowed meat once a day, by virtue of an Apostolic Indult specially granted for the United States, except on all Fridays, Ash Wednesdays, Wednesday and Saturday (till 12.00 noon) of Holy Week, and the Vigil of Christmas. The families of working people share in the privilege of eating meat on account of the inconvenience of preparing both fish and flesh for the same meal, but this privilege to eat meat does not dispense from the obligation of fasting (that is, only one full meal daily) where such an obligation exists.

(4) Working longer, but especially more earnestly, is an excellent way to atone for losing time in another's employ. Of course, it is supposed that you were paid for the time you lost and that you did not return the money to your employer.

## FREEDOM TO MARRY

Two non-Catholics married. After living together for one year the marriage was annulled on the grounds of non-cohabitation. The man becomes a Catholic. Is it possible for him to marry a Catholic girl? If so, can they be married at a nuptial Mass?—M. M. Astoria, N. Y.

It seems peculiar that the marriage was annulled on the grounds of non-cohabitation after they had lived together for one year. The law of the State has no authority over the marriage bond of baptized Chris-

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tians, for the simple reason that the marriage of baptized Christians is a sacrament, and hence outside the jurisdiction of the State. Supposing that both parties to the marriage were baptized and no other invalidating impediment was present, the marriage was valid. No decree of a civil judge can nullify it for the reason of non-cohabitation; "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Entrance into the Catholic Church does not give a man *carte blanche* to marry again. His freedom to marry depends upon the validity of his former marriage. This can be ascertained only after thorough investigation. In case the first marriage is declared null and void by the Church there is nothing to prevent the solemnizing of a Catholic marriage by a nuptial Mass.

### AN APOSTATE'S OBJECTIONS.

Will you kindly answer the following questions. The person who asked them is a fallen-away Catholic. (1) He claims that there are no students of the Bible in the Catholic Church, and asks me to name some—which I am unable to do, as I believe all priests and bishops are authorities on the Bible. But he says, No. (2) Where in the Bible does the Catholic Church find proof that the soul is immortal? My friend states that the Bible says, "Only God hath immortality"; and that St. Paul says, "I seek immortality." (3) He claims when we die we are dead until the resurrection. I claim that the soul never dies.—California.

Your apostate Catholic manifests a mine of ignorance when he says that there are no students of the Bible in the Catholic Church. If he had a little more knowledge he would know that but for the Catholic Church there would not be any Bible today. It was due to her fostering care that the precious documents were handed down from age to age. It was owing to the patient labors of Catholic monks that the Word of God was transcribed by hand and preserved to posterity. Moreover, it is well to remember that the Bible is not its own witness. No book, even an inspired one, can prove its claim to authenticity. There must be a living and infallible authority to declare what is God's word. That authority is the Catholic Church. Christ said, speaking to the apostles, "He that heareth you heareth Me." (St. Luke: 10/16). Christ did not constitute a book the final arbiter in matters of revelation, but a living, infallible society of men—men whom He made His representatives in the world, and whom He invested with His own divine authority; "He that heareth you heareth Me." It is the divinely appointed office of this living society to declare what is and what is not the Word of God. Such a declaration was made in the Council of Trent, when it was decreed that the inspired Word of God is contained in the Latin Vulgate.

No students of the Bible in the Catholic Church! Why, every clerical student before ordination to the priesthood goes through a four year's course of Scripture study. There are about 8,000 students in major seminaries in this country alone. Every priest and bishop throughout the world (over 23,000 ordained clergymen in the U. S.) is a student of the Bible, at least in the sense in which your apostate friend understands that term, viz., one who knows what the Bible is, reads it frequently, and can discourse intelligently concerning it. I would not make bold to claim, however, that every one of these "students" is at the same time an "authority." If he wishes to know whether or not there are any who are *ex professo* biblical teachers you might inform him that in every Catholic seminary and university there is at least one professor of Scripture.

I shall not mention the Fathers and Doctors of the Church who spent their lives reading and commenting on the Bible, such as Saints Jerome, Augustine, Basil,

Gregory Naz., nor the great scholars of the Middle Ages,—St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Albertus Magnus and St. Bernard, whose discourses were almost entirely composed of Scriptural quotations and matter. I shall confine myself to those modern scholars who are recognized authorities in Sacred Scripture. Here is a very incomplete list: In Germany: Knabenbaur, Cornely, Hummelaur (these three "authorities" have collaborated in the production of about 41 volumes of commentaries.) In France: Vigouroux, Brassac, Fillion, Lagrange. In Belgium: Janssens, Corluy. In Italy: Card. Billot. In England: Wiseman, Pope. In the United States: Gigot, Bruneaux, Messmer, Telch, Simon, Schumacher, Grannan. These names will mean nothing to your learned ex-Catholic. There is in Rome the Biblical Commission, a learned body of men who for general culture and special Scriptural knowledge are unequaled in the world today. It was established by Pope Leo XIII for the defense of Holy Scripture against the attacks of higher criticism.

(2) We might just as well ask: "Where in the Bible does it say that water will drown a man?" From the fact that the water of the Red Sea engulfed Pharaoh's army we conclude that water has such a power (Exodus, 14/27-31). In like manner when the Scripture commands us to do good and avoid evil it supposes that our souls will never die, but will merit after this earthly life is over either eternal happiness or everlasting woe. The Bible thus speaks of death, which is nothing more than the dissolution of the soul from the body; "the dust (the corruptible body) shall return into the earth from whence it was, and the spirit shall return to God Who gave it." (Eccl. 12/7). Our Lord in revealing what shall happen at the Last Judgment said; "and these [the wicked] shall go into everlasting punishment, but the just into life everlasting." (Matt. 25/46.) These words are meaningless if the soul were not immortal.

To say that the "soul sleeps" after death until the resurrection is to deny the doctrine of eternal retribution—upon which a person enters immediately after death; "it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment." (Heb. 9/27). Judgment cannot be exercised unless there be a subject to be judged. This great truth of the soul's immortality, upon which all religion is based, is a conviction which has obtained in every race, no matter how savage, and at all times. Universal belief is a pretty fair criterion of truth. But in such matters as life beyond the grave we must not look for what is called scientific certitude, simply because such things are outside the scope of science which concerns itself with *sensible phenomena*. We must look to Faith which goes beyond Science, seeing behind the veil. What does Faith teach us of the survival of the soul after death? Faith teaches in the Apostles' Creed; "I believe in life everlasting." Life would not be everlasting if at any time after temporal death the soul should cease to be. While the assertion that the soul "sleeps" is not tantamount to denying everlasting life, it is a statement without foundation, contrary to the conscience of mankind, and explicitly condemned by the infallible Catholic Church at the Council of Florence as heretical. (3) "Only God hath immortality" (1 Tim 6/16) is to be understood in the sense that this attribute belongs to God *essentially* and *absolutely*, just as existence and every other perfection belongs to God essentially, as He is the one *Necessary Being*. We are endowed with immortality in conformity with our nature. We are contingent beings; therefore whatever immortality we enjoy must also be contingent; that is, we might have been created without this wonderful prerogative. But God was pleased to make our souls immortal. Our immortality is a *participated* immortality. We are made to the "image and like-

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ness of God." His image is stamped on our souls. It would be unbecoming of God to destroy this image; we know from revelation that He never will.

I cannot find in any of St. Paul's Epistles the sentence your friend attributed to him. The nearest I could approach to it was, "I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ." Even supposing that St. Paul did say, "I seek immortality," he would not have meant that he yearned to have the faculty to live forever, but that he desired to be "with Christ," that is to enjoy after death a happy immortality. He realized that he was to merit some kind of immortality, so he would choose a pleasant one. Your friend made a very brilliant statement when he said that "when you die you are dead." But not quite so clever as the German who applied the above obvious truth to his dog, saying of himself that when he died, he "must go to hell yet."

### GREEK CATHOLICS AGAIN

What is the difference between the Roman Catholic Church and the Greek Catholic Church? Has the Pope any authority over the latter?—N. S.

This question has been answered at length several times in THE SIGN, notably in the March and December (1925) issues. Copies will be sent on request.

### CATHOLIC-MASONIC MARRIAGE

May a Catholic girl marry a mason?—H. M. Jersey City.

The Church opposes the marriage of Catholics with members of condemned societies. The solution of particular cases depends upon the bishop of the diocese. Consult your pastor or confessor.

### THE EASTERN STAR

Is the Order of the Eastern Star forbidden to Catholic women? If so, will you please explain the reason?—N. Y. City.

The Order of the Eastern Star is gravely forbidden to Catholic women because it is a secret society built up on masonic lines. Mackey in his "Encyclopaedia of Freemasonry" (page 33) says that European masons, especially in France, introduced what is called "Adoptive Masonry;" that is, the adoption of female branches or orders by masonic lodges. Robert Morris attempted to introduce the same system in the United States, but it does not seem to have been successful. Whether or not the masonic lodges of the United States acknowledge female orders as auxiliaries or affiliated societies is not clear. But this much is clear:—the Order of the Eastern Star is masonic in character and consequently forbidden to Catholics. If you wish to know why the Church forbids membership in the masonic lodges you will find the explanation in the November issue of THE SIGN.

### CONCERNING A BOOK

To R. J. A. Carbondale, Pa. I cannot give an opinion as I have neither read nor heard of the book. You might ask some one of your parish clergy.

### THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT

Is there a way to explain the Sixth Commandment to Sunday School children so that they will understand it?—M. A., Pittsburgh, Pa.

It is not to be expected that a Sunday School teacher will be able to give a complete understanding of matters concerning the Sixth Commandment to children. All that can be done is to explain the command in general terms, telling them that they should do nothing bad or naughty; that they should never do anything which they would not wish their

parents and Almighty God to behold. One must beware of insisting too much on this commandment with the young, as it might stir up an unhealthy curiosity. Dwell on positive obligations, such as love for Jesus Christ, and His Immaculate Mother. Teach them also about God's omnipresence, always a salutary motive for doing good and avoiding evil.

### "HOT STUFF"

EDITOR of THE SIGN:

From a contributed editorial, with "Hot Stuff" for its title, in "The Christian Advocate" I clip this extract:

"The following appeared three weeks ago as part of the display advertising of one of the large Methodist Episcopal Churches of the Middle West, describing the new pastor who had just come to town:

"If you don't believe he is a real knockout come and see—Big Stuff and Hot Stuff."

"We have seen a good many startling church advertisements, but this, in our experience at least, wins the Ignoble Prize for vulgarity. It does not even attain to the level of refinement maintained by most theaters. It is more nearly in the tone of the advertising of a second-rate burlesque show.

"This type of thing is not characteristic of American churches, thank God, but it shows clearly the goal to which the rather widespread vogue of cheap and meretricious advertising leads. Among certain churches it does not seem to be enough for a man to come to a new city simply as an ambassador of Jesus Christ. He must needs be advertised as "a fighting parson" who "picks a mean wallop," a sort of rival of Jack Dempsey or Douglas Fairbanks. The invitation to "come and see" has good scriptural authority; but those people in the gospel who gave that invitation were not bent on exploiting themselves. They were in the deadly earnest business of giving an invitation to behold the Son of Man.

"This sort of advertising and the type of church services which are in harmony with it may make a superficial appeal for a while, but the final balancing will show a big loss rather than a gain to the kingdom of God."

In view of "The Remonstrance of a Convert" in your January issue, the above may be interesting to your readers as showing that no matter what may be the rhetorical deficiencies of our priests they do not make buffoons of themselves.—P. J. Mc., Trenton, N. J.

### EXPLANATION OF "GOD'S GEESE"

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

Please pardon the liberty I take in answering a request which was published in the November Sign. It certainly amused me very much, as it was the first time I ever saw it in print.

God's Geese, refer to the "White Cornetts." Many years ago a dear good Irish woman happened to see two of the Sisters on the street for the first time. The wind was blowing, which made the head-dress flap up and down. When this good woman related what she had seen and was told they were Sisters of Charity, she exclaimed with astonishment "Glory be to God! They put me in mind of God's geese." That must have been nearly forty years ago. I was a young sister at the time, and you may rest assured that I enjoyed the joke.

To complete the narrative, I was on a begging tour at the time. In many of the smaller parishes we remained overnight. At that particular time we were staying with a grand priest of the old school. Of course, I had to tell him what the old woman said. He listened very attentively. When I had finished he said with a smile, "Well, I have the honor to have a sister,—and she is one of God's geese!"

Sister M. A., O. S. F., Milwaukee, Wis.



# The Priest and the Surgeon

*Translated from the Idista Mondo*

By L. H. DYER



GUILLAUME DUPUYTREN, who has been called the father of modern surgery, was a man of action rather than a scientist. His fame came from the rapidity of his judgments and the excellence of his technique rather than from his theoretical work. Some have asserted that the continued infliction of pain, inseparable from his profession, did in some degree influence his character. He is described as a man of cold and despotic nature. They mention his lack of politeness, the boorishness of his appearance. He was an irreligious man, and had nothing but contempt for what he termed "speculative theories" and those who held them.

Now one day, as he was about to leave the Hotel Dieu Hospital, where he was chief surgeon, after a half day spent in delicate and difficult operations, a tardy patient presented himself before him. This was a poor rural priest. His clothing was worn out. Holes showed in his shoes. He carried under his arm a cheap cotton umbrella, dripping from the rain that fell in torrents outside. He was a thin, small man with a badly wrinkled face. The unctuous bearing so characteristic of many of the clergy was decidedly absent.

The old man advanced with short steps and trembling knees. He saluted awkwardly. The surgeon pointed to a chair. He fell into it, rather than seated himself.

"Pardon me," he said, "I am about played out. I had to walk fourteen miles this morning in order to get here and the weather is terrible. . . I am in pain."

Dupuytren looked at him coldly. "Let me see!" he said.

The priest showed his neck. From under the ear protruded a large, violet-colored growth. The presence of cancer was evident.

"This should have been attended to long before this," said the surgeon roughly, after a short inspection.

"I had no time before." And he commenced to explain:—"The five villages which he had to attend to and where he had to say Mass, gave him not a single day of rest. To be sure, it was barely possible to collect his parishioners in one church on Sunday, but the long walk would be hard on those

who had toiled all the week. Then there was the teaching of the catechism, . . . the instruction of those preparing for first Communion. Finally there was the cost of treatment, and medicines cost so much! His parishioners were very poor people and he could always spend more usefully the small sum which constituted his income."

He stopped. The doctor had not seemed to listen. Yet, moved by professional curiosity, he again examined the growth. Dupuytren thought he recognized in its aspect a particularly interesting phenomenon, so he began to palpate it. The pressure he exerted must have caused extreme pain, but the patient bore it unmoved while he kept his agonized gaze fixed on the face of the famous surgeon.

Dupuytren shrugged his shoulders and said, without turning his eyes away from his examination:

"Too late to do anything. In a case like this, all you can do is to await death."

The priest did not even give a start. He pulled out of his pocket an "écu" (old French coin), wrapped in paper, and laid it on the table.

"I am not rich, doctor," he said, "and my poor are many. You will please pardon so small a payment of such a great surgeon as you are, and I ask you to accept my thanks for telling me so candidly of my condition. The only thing I now have to ask you is whether or not I am to expect the pain to continue?"

"The cancer will grow and the pain will increase with it."

"May the Will of God be done! I thank you, doctor."

HE went out. Dupuytren stood still in his consulting room reflecting upon the case. The priest surprised him and he was not a man to be easily astonished. The feeble, sick old man had not lost his courage, as did so many others, when confronted with the pitiless verdict of fate. He had not even groaned but, on the contrary, stoically bore his pains. He had exhibited a character even firmer than his own, a will more energetic than his.

So, giving the customary shrug to his shoulders, he went to the staircase. The priest was slowly descending, supporting himself by the handrailing,

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his head bent forward to alleviate the pain in his neck.

"Your reverence," exclaimed the doctor—for the first time giving to him his proper title—"will you step in again? There is perhaps a possibility that I may be able to save you by an operation which I have never before tried. However, I tell you plainly, the chances of death are nine against one for recovery. You will suffer for a long time and the pain will be great."

"My parishioners still need me. Go ahead with the operation." And he started to remove his clothes.

"No, not here!" He made out an order for a bed in the great hospital ward and told him that he would operate the next day.

On the morrow, Dupuytren, as was his custom, gave to the students gathered about the bed of the patient a history of the case. Without mincing words, he described the mortal nature of the disease. He expressed grave doubts as to the possibility of a cure, but told what a triumph it would be for surgery, if the operation proved successful.

"God sometimes does a miracle," feebly whispered the old man.

"No, science!" replied dryly the surgeon.

He commenced, first incising and cutting away the flesh. Then with forceps he cleaned out the cancerous part, removing the fibrous growth and a small part of the lower jaw. This went on for twenty-five minutes.

The priest did not even contract his brows. Yet this was before the time of anesthetics.

"I have finished," finally said Dupuytren, and the wound was dressed.

"You must suffer awfully," said one of the observers to the priest.

"I try to keep my mind on other things."

Overhearing this reply, the surgeon attentively regarded him and then took his departure.

On each succeeding day, he came to the bedside of the suffering patient. After a week, he declared the operation a success.

During the convalescence, the chief surgeon, contrary to his custom, continued his visits. One day, he was even seen to take the old man by the arm and sustain his first steps about the garden. This, to those who were accustomed to see the doctor absolutely disregard his patients after he had once operated upon them, seemed inexplicable.

TWO months later, the priest returned to his parish. A year later, just as Dupuytren was coming out from a consultation, he found the priest again on the staircase. This time his shoes were not muddy, but covered with dust. His face was

not wet from rain but with drops of sweat. He carried on his arm a big basket, well bound with cords, from which whisks of straw protruded.

The face of the surgeon showed his annoyance.

"Well! Has your disease showed up again?"

"No! No! Monsieur, doctor; but today is the anniversary of my operation. I could not let it pass without bringing you some little token of remembrance. Here are two chickens which I fattened myself . . . and some pears from my own garden such as you Parisians don't get."

The surgeon took the old priest into his consulting room and for a long time they talked together.

No one knows what was said there, but some years later when the great surgeon himself read his own inexorable verdict of death, he wrote the following note:

"Monsieur, le Abbé: The doctor now needs you. Come at once. Perhaps even then it will be too late. Your friend, Dupuytren."

The priest hurried to the bedside and for a half-hour was closeted with his dying friend. When he came out his face seemed to glow with a sweet radiance.

To this prince of science was given a magnificent funeral. Fine words were spoken, praising his scientific attainments and great skill. But the customary note of affectionate comment on the personal characteristics of the deceased was absent. No one spoke out of mere friendship. The daily papers said, the day after, that everyone regretted his death, but no one cried.

Yet an observant person might have seen among those who followed the casket to the grave, an old man, a little thin old man, very poorly dressed, evidently an obscure parish priest from the country, who sobbed.

### The Cripple's Psalm

By B. BADEN

Though frail the bark and slim the sails  
Which bore me here,  
Yet out upon the waves of life  
I will not fear.

Within its hold of slender strength  
A spirit lies,  
While on through rugged rocks of pain  
The vessel plies.

With wrench, and groan, and failing strength,  
The body strains;  
Within, the soul, sustained by hope,  
In quiet reigns.

# Julia Kavanagh

*Anniversaries of an Irish Woman Writer and Patriot*

By JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.



N the Catholic cemetery at Nice, France, there is an inconspicuous monument over a grave that all Irish-American visitors to the French Riviera surely ought to see. It is a memorial to a brave little woman for whom life was no easy-chair but who bore herself very well in rather trying conditions. Her writings taught others how to stand up bravely under the battle of life. It is not in any sense an imposing monument though it covers the remains of one who had a marvelously good heart and a supreme sense of devotion to others, combined with a fine head, so that she influenced deeply a number of people in her own day. Now that a full century has passed since her birth, she is still not forgotten. The number of human beings of whom this is true is so small that we are here in the presence of one of the talented of the race.

Her monument is a small cairn of stones reminiscent of the memorials of her Celtic ancestors, with a cross above to indicate that she came of a great people who, ever since the coming of Christianity to them, had felt that, whatever meaning life might hold for them, it was the cross that exemplified it best. There is a brief inscription and then a text that illustrates her career: "She rests from her labors and her works do follow her." The name on the monument is Julia Kavanagh.

The hundredth anniversary of her birth has occurred without any particular notice being taken of it over here, though some of the Irish writers recalled her. She well deserves a remembrance, for she had the true Irish spirit and, now that Ireland is at liberty to express herself and recall those whose work meant much for her in the days of her desolation when almost the only opportunity that an Irishman had to express himself was through emigration, it would seem that we ought to recall all the more faithfully the memories of those who, in the dark days gone, succeeded in attracting the attention of the world to the distinguished genius of the Irish people.

It is only a little more than a year now until the fiftieth anniversary of her death will come round and it would seem as though there should be room in between these two anniversaries for a brief reminiscence of Julia Kavanagh and her work

in America where so many of her books have been read and enjoyed by Irish exiles.

JULIA KAVANAGH came of the distinguished old Irish family of that name, and the Kavanaghs comprised a famous sept among the ancient Irish. There were kings among them and, though that is such a common distinction among the Irish as scarcely to deserve special mention, the royal ancestors of the Kavanaghs were among the best known of the Irish kings in the days when Ireland was a great cultured people composing a literature known in many parts of the world in its own time but lost long since and now being faithfully pieced together from the manuscripts in the old Gaelic which abound in so many of the Continental libraries.

Miss Kavanagh was born January 7, 1824, at Thurles in Tipperary not so very far from that Rock of Cashel around which so much of the most important life of the Irish in the south of Ireland centres for centuries. Like Tara and Armagh it was a celebrated court in St. Patrick's time and long before that. Its ruins constitute some of the best evidence of the culture of the Irish people in the days long before the Saxon invader came to make further progress of the mind and the spirit so difficult among the Irish. Thurles was a background of old Irish tradition that must of itself have been educative for such a delicate soul even in her younger years.

Her father, Morgan Kavanagh, poet and philologist, was the author of some serious works on the source and science of languages. Julia was an only child so that it is easy to understand how from early years she lived in a literary atmosphere until a literary bent was almost forced upon her. Much of this she owes to her father, but the environment in which she was brought up favored it very strongly. Her parents moved to England when she was a young girl and, owing to her father's interest in writing and publishing, she was brought in contact with literary circles. In her early teens she went to France where she remained until her twentieth year, receiving her education in the seclusion of a convent. It was her experience in France and the opportunity of seeing French home life in company with her friends that furnished her the material to work so successfully along French lines in her

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writings. The impressions produced upon her were very deep in that plastic period and she saw clearly and was able to portray French character very faithfully.

In her twentieth year the Kavanagh family took up residence in London. As her father's literary efforts would not enable him to support them properly, his daughter had to think of some occupation to help eke out the family maintenance. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, though it was much more unusual at that time than it is in our day, that Julia Kavanagh should take up writing as a profession. There were, however, enough notable examples among young women to encourage her in the thought of success in her new profession. Mrs. Radcliff's romances had prepared the English-speaking world for women novelists, Frances Burney lived on well into Miss Kavanagh's life time, Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein* as well as the *Tales of Maria Edgeworth* and the work of Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë and Mary Russell Mitford, all of whom did some at least of their work in the first half of the nineteenth century and many of them did most of it, had aroused in the minds of many young women the thought that they might devote themselves to writing. There was a number of other women writers besides these major authors in the mid-nineteenth century, and among them Julia Kavanagh was one of those who attracted most attention.

THE year of their return to London, Mr. Kavanagh published a book called "The Discovery of the Science of Language." It was somewhat fantastically theoretic and the critics reviewed it unfavorably. The old gentleman had been quite sure that his book would prove a financial success but instead of that he actually lost money on it and the family was in debt. That best of all impulses for success in literary life, necessity, which is the mother of many things besides invention, hung over his daughter. Fortunately, she proved equal to the occasion. She wrote a series of short stories and essays for the magazines of the time which brought in at least a modest revenue. When she was twenty-three her first book "The Three Paths," a story for children, appeared and was welcomed by the critics. It had a rather extensive sale and added considerably to the family resources. The records of her early writings are lost to a great extent but she herself tells, in a letter to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the names of the magazines in which her articles appeared. Writing to him about mid-year 1847, she said, "I have published a few books and contributed to *Chambers Journal*, to their *Miscellany*, to the

*Popular Record*, to the *Peoples' Journal*. I am now writing for the *Journal of Eliza Cook*." These represent the popular periodicals of the day.

SUCCESS came early to Miss Kavanagh as a writer, and it was fortunate, for she had a sick mother to support. Already in 1850, two novels had been completed, "Madeleine," the story of a peasant girl, and "Nathalie," one of the three-volume novels of the period which came out in 1850, and is usually considered her masterpiece. These established her place as a writer who saw clearly into many of the hidden parts of human nature but above all made it evident that Miss Kavanagh's perception of French character was such that her best literary field lay in the delineation of the French whom she had come to know so well.

Just after the middle of the nineteenth century she wrote a series of novels including among them "Daisy Burns," published in 1853, and "Rachel Grey" in 1855. They were reprinted a number of times and proved welcome additions to the reading of our American Catholic people. They have continued to be read rather commonly ever since. Most Catholic families in the days when the family library was likely to consist only of the books on the "parlor" table possessed at least one of Julia Kavanagh's novels or one of her other works.

Editions of her books began to appear in this country shortly after their appearance in London during the '50's. At that time there was no copyright arrangement between Great Britain and this country and most popular British authors were republished here without any benefit accruing to the author except from a few publishers who made special arrangements. I doubt whether Miss Kavanagh ever received any pecuniary remunerations from the editions published in America. Some idea of how eager publishers were for her work and, therefore, how popular she must have been, may be obtained from the fact that her volume of short stories, "Seven Years and Other Tales," was brought out in London in 1859, and appeared in two American editions (Boston and New York) in 1860. This unfortunate state of affairs by which foreign authors were deprived of the profits they should have received from their work brought its own revenge in the fact that American authors were not encouraged to write and original American literature languished until it was no wonder that Sydney Smith could ask the question, "Has anyone ever seen a book by an American author?" and receive no answer.

In the midst of her writing of novels Miss



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Kavanagh wrote a series of biographical works which were not so widely read as her novels and yet enhanced her reputation and brought out the characters of women in particular in such a way as to make her really a pioneer in modern feminism. Most of these books serve to show that when women want to exert their influence or to develop their intelligence they are capable of doing it quite on a plane with men and that their hearts enable them to accomplish ever so much more good for others than the masculine minds of the race.

Her "Women in France during the Eighteenth Century" was published in 1850, followed in 1852 by "Women of Christianity Exemplary for Acts of Piety and Charity." Ten years later another pair of volumes made their appearance, complementary of each other, that attracted even more attention to her work. The titles of these were, "French Women of Letters" and "English Women of Letters," both published in 1862. An immense amount of information was gathered into these biographies and the details were presented with a distinct charm that made them radically different from mere encyclopedic compilations.

**J**ULIA KAVANAGH'S unselfish readiness to help the Irish cause in any way that she could, though home conditions made time and literary ability her only assets, is very well illustrated by her correspondence with Gavan Duffy when he was trying to revive the *Nation*, the Irish weekly, which had been suppressed in Dublin during the troubles of '48. There had to be a mouthpiece for the expression of the feelings of the Irish people to enable them to tell the world of their justifiable sense of wrong on account of conditions that were imposed upon them and it had proved quite impossible to publish an Irish weekly, under the conditions imposed by the government, in Ireland. It seems as though, possibly, the English sense of fair play might allow of the publication of the weekly in London.

Gavan Duffy had already found the Irish women willing to help in the cause, even at the risk of imprisonment. It will be recalled that when certain articles of the *Nation* had been pronounced treasonable, when Gavan Duffy was being tried for treason, and when the published articles were supposed to be telling evidence against the men under indictments, Lady Wilde, Sir William Wilde's wife and the mother of Oscar Wilde, the famous Speranza of Irish patriotic literature, stood up in the gallery of the court and declared that she was the writer of some of the passages that were picked out as most treasonable.

From the very beginning gifted Irish women

had been among the most ardent and influential contributors to the *Nation*. It is not surprising, then, that the proposal to revive this periodical was the signal for Irish women writers to offer their coöperation. The editor was evidently very much heartened by these offers for he realized how much of real sacrifice the acceptance of them would entail. They were seeking neither material reward nor personal publicity. As Gavan Duffy said, "Julia Kavanagh offered to aid this new experiment with her facile pen without payment or applaud." She was perfectly frank as to how little real aid she might bring to him and she confessed that she was not familiar with the past accomplishments of the *Nation*, and indeed that she knew it only from the extracts and misrepresentations of the English press... "but," she added, "these extracts have sufficed to give me as exalted an opinion of your talents as the persecutions you formerly endured gave me of your patriotism."

She makes a comment to the effect that she thinks his plan of promoting the Irish cause by means of popular tracts, essays and the like, which he had outlined in the London *Times*, is excellent, and she modestly suggests that if it were adopted she might perhaps be of some use. She states very candidly, "I live by my labor and have not much time to spare but in this cause I will gladly make time and dispense with payment." We are inclined to think of fair Rosalind and Kathleen Ni Houlihan making the call to sacrifice for Ireland almost exclusively to men though surely the women have to suffer, but here is the demonstration of how profoundly touched the young women were by the same cause when they felt themselves in a position to do things.

**T**HERE was not an atom of self-seeking in her offer. It must have been a source of consolation to Gavan Duffy to be assured that his correspondent did not aim in the least "at any sort of celebrity which may be connected with this work." All she wants is to do some work for Ireland and to help those who are already doing things. "Let my name be known or not is a matter of total indifference to me," she said. "Let me only be of some use employed as a common workman and I am content." Very simply she tells the reason for her desire to have even a little part in the labor of love for her beloved country, "I am Irish by origin, birth and feeling, though not by education, but if I have lived far from Ireland she has still been as the faith and religion of my youth. I have ever been taught to love her with my whole soul, bless her as a sorrowing mother, dear though distant and unknown."

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The two London literary weeklies, the *Academy* and the *Athenaeum*, carried their tributes to Julia Kavanagh the week after her death. The *Athenaeum* said of her (Nov. 17, 1877): "Her writing was quiet and simple in style but pure and chaste and characterized by the same high toned thought and morality that was part of the author's own nature." Charles W. Wood was particularly enthusiastic about her pictures of French life. He went so far as to say, "Many authors write about French life: it is another thing to write really French stories as Julia Kavanagh did." The English critics were particularly enthusiastic about her biographical and critical writing for they felt that this represented her literary talent even better than her novels. As the *Athenaeum* said, "In her 'English Women of Letters' and 'French Women of Letters' Miss Kavanagh showed discriminating and analytical powers far beyond anything she has attempted in her simple but touching novels." The *Academy* said, "If her novels were not distinguished for depth of thought or profound grasp of character they were all remarkable for gracefulness of style and much poetic feeling." The *Academy* stresses the fact that she "left no line which, dying, she could wish to blot."

FOR a thoroughly sympathetic review of Miss Kavanagh's work, however, one must turn to the *Irish Monthly*, dear Father Russell's magazine, of 1877. There they say of her that, while she was a delightful and skillful biographer and that her biographies revealed her broad and deep reading and understanding of women, her novels were the means by which she most deeply influenced her generation. They add, "Her heroines are simply irresistible; her heroes noble and romantic though by no means faultless; but her old ladies are the most charming old ladies to be met anywhere."

Miss Kavanagh's stories are said to have originated in her desire to occupy happily the mind of her mother who was nearly blind. Her mother's taste very probably dictated to no slight degree the general character of her daughter's stories. Though nearly blind, Mrs. Kavanagh was, as the blind so often are in contra-distinction to the deaf—though blindness would seem to be so much more serious an affliction than deafness—cheery and light-hearted and she insisted on having happy endings to the stories. All of them except one, "Clement's Love," are written in this vein. That one which was written the year of her death, when she was in the midst of much suffering and when the tragedy of her life was hanging over her, is sad and sorrowful throughout. Perhaps she was already beginning to be disturbed as to what would

happen to her mother if she herself should die.

The account of her death is worthy of the simplicity of her life. It was published in a synopsis of her life written as an introduction to a volume of tales she had contributed to the *Argosy*, then edited by Mrs. Henry Wood and sub-edited by her son, Mr. Charles W. Wood. These tales were afterwards collected into a volume under the name of "Forget-me-nots," with a preface by Mr. Wood. He gives in it an account of the death of Julia Kavanagh at Nice, France: "On Sunday, the 28th October, 1877, at five o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Kavanagh heard in the adjoining chamber the noise as of a heavy fall. She immediately rose from her bed, and proceeding to her daughter's room, found her upon the floor. Miss Kavanagh exclaimed in French, the language in which she usually spoke, 'Oh, mamma, how silly I am to have fallen!' She was assisted back to her bed, doctors were called in, and by eight o'clock that morning the large beautiful eyes of Julia Kavanagh had closed in their last sleep. An aged mother, so blind as to be only able to distinguish light from darkness, was left to mourn a daughter from whom she had never been separated; a daughter whose life had been devoted to her mother, to whom she was all in all, in whom had lived as bright and pure a spirit as ever breathed."

C. J. HAMILTON in his sketch of Miss Kavanagh in "Notable Irish Women" says: "To one so deeply religious as she was there was no terror in this sudden call. In 'Nathalie,' the dying girl, Rose, says to her sister: 'Oh, why, at any age, is death made so very awful? Why were the scythe, the skeleton, the grim visage, given as attributes to this gentle deliverer? I would have him an angel, calm, pitying, and sad, but beautiful, no king of terrors. A deliverer he is, for does he not sever the subtle yet heavy chain which links the spirit to the flesh, life to clay? Do you remember that passage in the service when, after the Hosanna has been sung, the choir raise their voices and sing *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini* (Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord)? From my earliest years those words produced a strange impression on me. As a child, I wondered what glorious messenger from heaven was thus solemnly greeted by those of earth. I thought of winged angels visiting patriarchs of the desert, of spirits in white robes with diadems made of the eternal stars. Even such a pure messenger is death to me now. He comes, the bearer of glorious tidings, the herald of the Eternal, and I, too, say 'Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord?'"

# The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED



## THE BETRAYAL BY JUDAS

"Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" (St. Mark 22/48.)



IN our last meditation on the Sacred Passion we saw how an angel was sent from heaven to strengthen Jesus. Now He no longer lies prone under the olive trees. He has come out into the moonlight and stands erect, His head raised to heaven, His eyes closed, His lips moving in silent prayer.

From afar, off toward the city, comes borne on the still midnight air a low and confused murmuring. Gradually it grows louder and nearer. Down in the valley can be distinguished the voices of men, the tramp of feet. Lights twinkle through the trees and travel unevenly along the opposite side of the brook of Cedron, coming from the city towards the Garden of Gethsemane.

Our Lord's lips are still moving in prayer. He is praying for all men, but especially for the man who half walks and half runs at the head of that mob in the valley, like a blood-hound on a trail. It is His former friend and apostle, Judas Iscariot.

Jesus is thinking of the day when first He had chosen Judas to be one of His twelve apostles. How He had loved that soul, beautiful with love for Him. How often had He walked with Judas in the cool of the evening and talked to him of heaven. How often had they sat at the same table; how long had they shared the same joys and sorrows. As a mark of honor He had made Judas treasurer of the little band, keeper of the funds necessary for their scant maintenance.

Then He remembers the day when first He had noticed a change in His friend. He feels once more the sorrow and dismay that then filled His

heart when He had realized that He was beginning to lose the love that meant so much to Him, when He had found that Judas loved money far more than he loved His Divine Master.

How He had tried to win back the love of His old friend with kindness and caresses. But time after time they had failed. Then Jesus had tried a warning. He had said to the twelve "One of you is a devil." But this had only hardened Judas the more. At the supper of Lazarus, Christ had tried

even a stern rebuke. When Judas had objected to Mary Magdalen pouring the precious ointment over His Master's head, Jesus, Who knew that Judas wanted the money for Himself, had reproved him. And Judas had flung himself out of the house with an oath. That very night, indeed, Christ had made one last attempt to win back His lost love. He, the Son of God, had gotten down on His knees in the supper room of Jerusalem, had washed the

feet of Judas, dried them and kissed them. And the apostle, with a sneer, had arisen from the table and had gone out into the night to betray His Divine Master to His enemies.

Thus now Judas is coming at the head of a band of ruffians to give Jesus up for a few pieces of money. "Lo, if an enemy had done this, I could have borne with it; but thou, my friend and familiar!"

Jesus wakens His sleeping apostles and goes to the gate of the garden to meet the mob of His enemies who are coming up the road. The flickering torches show that it is a motley crowd, armed with swords and clubs. They come to a halt before Christ and His frightened apostles. Jesus stands majestic and serene. There is no sign of fear upon Him; only a look of deep sadness which

*THIS month we begin a new series of meditations on the Wisdom and Power of God as displayed in the Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ.*

*These meditations are meant to help you to do your own thinking on the Passion and to derive from that thinking lessons which will make you wiser in understanding the difficulties of life and stronger in over-coming them.*

*Our Lay Apostolate news will be continued under the heading of Arch-confraternity Comment, page 279.*

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deepens almost to haggardness as a man, in a black robe, with a rough, reddish beard, steps from the crowd, comes up with averted face, and then suddenly raises his head and kisses Jesus lightly on the cheek. Christ winces as if from a blow; but He keeps His eyes, now wet with tears of pity, on the other's face. Then, with all gentleness He says, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?"

His eyes seek to meet those of Judas, but in vain. As swiftly as he had come the former apostle of Christ turns back into the crowd and in a moment is lost to view. Jesus stands motionless, looking after the doomed man. His eyes glisten in the light of the torches; His breast rises and falls; His hands are tightly clenched. He sees beside Judas what the others cannot see,—a hideous, black figure, hurrying him along. He sees the body of Judas in the early dawn, hanging from a tree, the bowels pouring forth. He sees that soul in hell forever. All the next day He is going to suffer and finally die for Judas, but even while He is being scourged and crucified, the devils in hell will be mocking Him, for Judas will be with them, cursing Him forever.

O Jesus, why do I not understand Thy sorrow here? Because I do not realize Thy love for a soul made to Thine own image and likeness. I do not bring home to myself that all human love was put in the human heart by Thee and that it is but a faint reflection of Thine own personal love for each one of us. Teach me how Thou dost love me, and how to love Thee in return, that I may never betray Thee as Judas did. (*Continue speaking to our Lord in your own words.*)

**W**E have tried to see something of the sorrow of the heart of Jesus in this scene of His betrayal. What is the lesson we are to learn from the fall of Judas? To beware of a ruling passion—some habit of sin that more and more seeks to rule us, and finally to destroy us body and soul.

We know that Judas was not the only one who betrayed Jesus on the night before His death. Peter also denied His Divine Master. Yet Peter, after his fall, went out and wept bitterly, did penance for his sin, loved our Lord more than ever, and finally died for love of Him. Judas, after his sin, went out and hanged himself, died in despair and went to hell. Why the difference?

Peter had loved His Master always. He fell in a moment of weakness. He had a good heart; and after his sin, he learned to love Jesus as he had always wanted to love Him. Judas, on the contrary, had not loved Christ always. He did not fall in a moment of weakness. He did not have a good heart. For over two years Judas had been

betraying our Lord almost constantly. Every day he had had the choice to make between his love for Jesus and his love for money; and almost every day he had chosen money. And all the while that passion of greed had been growing in his heart, choking out his passion of love for Christ, until at last he had sold his Master for money.

Every one of us has some evil passion within us that is seeking to rule us as greed ruled Judas, some passion that is trying to choke out of our souls love for Jesus. With some it is greed, with others impurity, with this one ambition, with another pride, and with still others that pitiful vice of sloth which does not make them do much directly against God but which keeps them from doing anything for Him, keeps them from coming to Mass, from saying their prayers, from receiving the Sacraments.

**C**AN you look back over your lives and see that some vice has been growing in your heart, as it grew in the heart of Judas, more and more smothering your love for Christ, that love which brightened your early days? Perhaps every day you have to make a choice between the love of Jesus and the love of some sinful pleasure. What choice are you making? Perhaps in the confessional through His priests Jesus has tried to win you to His love alone by kindness, then by threat, and finally by rebuke. Perhaps, as with Judas, all three have only driven you further from His love. If they have done so, is there not grave reason for believing that your sin will at last mean more to you than the love of our Lord and heaven itself?

But remember, above all, that so long as you are trying to overcome your ruling passion, there must be no discouragement, no despair. The worst sin of Judas was not that he betrayed Jesus. Peter did this. It was that after betraying Christ he would not come back to Him, humble himself as Peter did and begin anew to love His Master.

No matter how long a bad habit of sin has been ruling you, it can be overcome, not all at once, but little by little. Go to a priest in confession to whom you can open your heart. Follow his advice. Frequent the Sacraments. Make a little examination of conscience each day before the crucifix, fight your passion with a passionate love for Jesus,—and the fate of Judas will not be yours.

O, Jesus, I know that I have betrayed Thee. But do not let me despair. Do not let me cause Thee the crowning sorrow of Thy Passion by losing my soul, and making all Thy sufferings for me in vain. (*Continue to speak thus to our Lord.*)

**ASPIRATION:** My Jesus, mercy.

**RESOLUTION:** I shall make a daily examination of conscience on my ruling passion before the crucifix.



# OUR JUNIOR READERS



## The Fourth Joyful Mystery

CONSIDERING how little we know about the childhood of Our Lord, it is a wonderful scene the Gospel gives us of His Presentation in the temple. Among the prophetic words then spoken by the holy old priest, Simeon, were those memorable ones addressed to Our Blessed Lady: "And thine own soul a sword shall pierce." Could holy Simeon foretell the sorrows of the Mother without vividly foreseeing the Passion of her Son? Jeannie Pendleton Hall does not think so and in the *Youths' Companion* she puts her thought in these beautiful lines, making holy Simeon say:

White doves that circled round the blue  
Within the outer courtyard lit,  
They preened their breasts where travelers threw  
Their grain, and strove for it.

The thin, gray, sacrificial smoke  
Trailed from the altars, for to-day  
A many met there—country folk  
Come up their vows to pay.

But I scarce marked them—scarce had known  
(So great the thing I had come to see)  
How spent I stood; how on the stone  
My staff smote wearily.

Till came that group; for, past surmise,  
I knew the craftsman, plain and mild,  
The gentle mother, violet-eyed,  
Clasping the Holy Child.

Now when that lovesome Child I knew,  
And lifted Him, and sang God's grace,  
The Holy Babe, as children do,  
Fondled my wrinkled face.

Mute and amazed did all men stand  
To hear the mysteries I did speak,  
For 'twas a little, little hand  
That played about my cheek.

No rose-pink shell by Galilee  
More silken-soft when winds are calm,  
But I—I saw, and wept to see,  
Nails in each tiny palm!

## Our Little Missionaries

LENT for you should be different. In your tender, growing years Holy Mother Church is careful to excuse you from the harder forms of penance. But you do not want the Alleluia time

to come without feeling that you are entitled to share in the general joy.

You can make Lent different in a devotional way. More Communion, more Masses heard, more visits to the Blessed Sacrament and the daily journey with our Lord along the sorrowful way of the Cross.

You can make Lent different through little sacrifices. It is an old thought and recommendation that you choose the sort of sacrifices that will be at the same time helpful to others. There are sacrifices, for instance, that are recorded in well weighted mite boxes whose contents, ultimately, through the hands of thrifty missionaries procure blessings for the souls and bodies of poor heathens.

## Discontented Sally

By Minnie Mortimer.

IF only I was somebody else!" grumbled little Sally Smart, "how happy I would be!"

It was Saturday—a holiday from school, and in the morning Sally always helped her mother in the house. She could be very handy when she liked, could dust, wash up the breakfast things, run errands.

She had managed to get through her duties—unwillingly, it is true. And now she was free! So she took down her hat and coat from the peg behind the door, and hastened out. How delicious the fresh air!

Sally Smart lived in Hertfordshire, in the heart of the country. And a very pretty country it was. She had her favorite haunts; and the one she chose today was a woodland, all thickly studded with dear old trees, under whose friendly shelter she had often sunk to rest. But today she hastened forward; passed through the wood, and presently reached a green meadow, at the bottom of which was a pretty stream.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she sighed, stretching herself out full length on the bank, "if only I could do just as I liked all day! If only I could be something that didn't have to go to school and do housework!"

"What would you like to be?" asked a tiny voice nearby.

Sally sat up and gazed around. No one in sight—so who could have spoken? All at once she perceived an insect with light, delicate wings, perched on a wee blue blossom at her feet.

"Oh, you pretty thing!" she cried, stretching out her hand. The insect immediately alighted on her thumb, and she gently stroked its wings with the tip of her finger.

"What would you like to be?" the insect repeated.

For the moment Sally thought she must be dreaming. But no! it was true! The little creature had certainly uttered those words, and for a minute or two

## THE † SIGN

the child gazed at it without speaking; she was so astonished. All at once a bright idea struck her.

"Why, I guess I'd just love to be an insect—like you!" she said.

"So you'd like to be a May Fly? That is my name. Well, to obtain your wish you'll have to start from the very beginning of a May Fly's existence, which means that you will at first have to be a grub."

"Is it nice to be a grub?"

"Oh yes; I was one myself, a short time ago. I lived at the bottom of yonder stream."

"How Jolly! I guess I'd like to be a grub!"

"So you shall. But be careful, little girl. There are dangers, risks—"

"Oh, never mind! I don't care! I shall be all right. What fun it will be!" cried Sally, clapping her hands. "But **how** can I become a grub? Will the fairies change me into one?"

"I am a fairy myself,—being endowed with the gift of speech by the king of the Elves, who dwells in the woods. I love little children who are kind to insects, and that is why I shall grant your wish. But first of all, tell me this: Are you **quite** sure you would like to be a grub? Wouldn't you prefer to be something else?"

"Oh no! It must be great sport at the bottom of the stream. Besides, I shall change into a pretty May Fly later. I shall be able to fly about, same as you. And I shan't have to go to school and learn hateful lessons. Oh, do change me into a grub!"

"I will. But I have something important to tell you. If ever you are in danger, just call out, 'May Fly, save me!'"

Sally promised to remember.

"And now go to the water's edge," continued the May Fly; "look down in it and say, 'I wish to be a grub.'"

Sally, with a merry little laugh, tripped down to the edge of the bank. She felt very excited as she gazed into the stream and expressed her wish. Directly she did so, the scene changed. No longer was she Sally Smart, but a poor little insignificant grub, crawling at the bottom. It was delightfully cool down there, and for some time the grub squirmed about, in company with other queer things.

"This is grand fun," thought the grub that was once Sally Smart. "I think I will explore the waters and get up to the surface."

Thus it started upon its travels. Presently it heard a strange swishing sound, and began to feel very uneasy. Snap! The next moment it was caught up and swallowed by a trout! The sensation was not pleasant. The grub felt horribly cramped up, and the atmosphere was very close. It longed to be free. Suddenly it remembered the May Fly's warning, and called out, "May Fly, save me!"

Instantly the fish opened its mouth and cast its prey into the waters. "A narrow escape!" said the grub. "I must avoid my enemies, in future."

Quickly it reached the surface, and crawling on the bank, perched on a green rush. "Here, at any rate, I am safe," it said.

"Are you **quite** sure?" quacked a duck, swimming by. "Do come out here," she quacked, "I'm just longing to make friends with you. You are a real nice little thing! Do you fear the Water?"

"Not at all; I like it well enough; but find it somewhat monotonous," was the answer. "I prefer plenty of change and adventure. It is splendid up here. I am in my glory!"

"But won't you care to come for a swim?" persisted the duck. "Do now! It is healthy exercise, and you will enjoy it. We two can do a race and see which one wins. Permit me to assist you off that rush—it looks quite slippery up there."

The grub hesitated. The duck seemed an amiable

creature, so why not be sociable? So it crawled off the rush, and then—(snap!) it landed straight into the duck's bill!

"Delicious!" quacked the enemy. "A tasty morsel! I must look out for more."

"Ho! ho! help! help!" cried the grub. "I don't like this at all! Pray, let me out!"

Again it called, "May-Fly, save me!"

On the instant, the duck opened her bill, and out crawled the grateful insect. It soon reached the bank in safety, hiding amidst the rushes again.

It remained here till the glorious hour when it shook itself clear of its case and turned into a pretty May Fly. With great delight it now stretched its wings and flew into the air.

And then Fairy May Fly came hovering by, settling on a bright green tuft, close to our little friend.

"Child of a day," she said, gazing with her two tiny eyes at the pretty insect, "be happy while thy short life endures. For the May-Fly—or Ephemera—lives but a single day. Then it dies. The King of the Elves hath granted to me a longer life, however,—which is fortunate. And now tell me, May Fly, art thou satisfied?"

"Yes,—oh yes," was the hesitating answer. "But—what becomes of me after death?"

"Oh, thou wilt be trodden underfoot by some thoughtless mortal; or, devoured by the birds, maybe; or the wind will scatter thy flimsy particles over the field. But what does it matter? Be not discouraged, little one! Enjoy life while it endures. Come, let us away."

They flew up into a tree.

"Ah! what a delightful bower!" cried our May Fly. "Is this Fairyland? Do the fairies live here?... And what are those green objects fluttering to and fro?"

"They are leaves. This is a poplar tree. The birds nest here. Yonder is one of their shelters. Take my advice, however, and do not venture too near there, lest they devour thee!"

"Devour me?" cried our May Fly in horror. "This is terrible news. I don't think I want to remain here. In fact, I would rather not be a May Fly. Change me into something else!"

"Ah! But what wouldst thou be?... Think well now. Everything has its use in this world. The bee gathers honey. The ant works from morning till night. Even the May Fly provides a dainty morsel to the sparrow on the look out—yonder!"

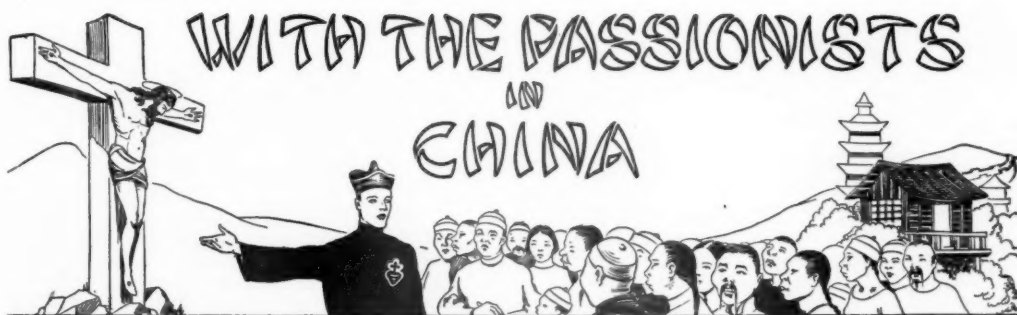
"Oh, pray change me into something else! I don't want to be devoured! No, indeed! Let me be little Sally Smart again, and I will nevermore complain!"

Sally Smart sat up and rubbed her eyes vigorously. Then she began to gaze around her. At her feet flowed the stream—its waters sparkling in the golden sunshine. A duck swam by, shaking out its dainty plumage. The bank on which she sat was studded with bright blossoms of the spring. She stretched out her hand and plucked one—a wee blue thing. She thought of the May Fly then, and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh!" she said, springing to her feet, "I do believe I must have been dreaming! What a blessing I'm Sally Smart and not a poor little May Fly doomed to die in a single day, and in constant danger of being gobbled up by some bird or another, even while its life lasts! How jolly it is to be alive! I'm going home now,—and I shall help mother!"

Was there ever a happier maidie than our little Sally, from that day?—She went to school with a light heart; counted all her tasks a pleasure, and studied with a right good will.

But Sally never mentioned her dream-adventure. It taught her a lesson, which you all may learn: Be content with your lot in life.



# WITH THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

## The New Mission of Wangtsun - - - School at Shenchowfu - - - Gemma's League

### The New Mission of Wangtsun

BY FATHER ANTHONY MALONEY, C. P.

**T**RAVELING from place to place as well as the many duties required of us makes it difficult to write to America as frequently as we would desire. It just happens that Father Theophane, Brother Lambert and myself are spending a few days at Shenchowfu. Before returning home I wish to give you a brief account of the new mission of Wangtsun.

Wangtsun is the place where I am to be resident missionary. It has heretofore been one of the stations of the Paotsing Mission. As there is very little at the place, it means starting from the beginning. Many difficulties must be expected in establishing the Church there, but with God's help I hope to succeed. One unusual thing about the city is that it has no walls around it. Possibly the reason of this is because it is a new city, or at least the Chinese consider it so, being only seven hundred years old. It is situated on the North river, about seventy-five miles north of Shenchowfu. Paotsing is thirty miles southwest, while Yungshunfu is thirty-five miles northeast. As all supplies pass through here, it will be the distributing point for all the missions in the northern part of the Prefecture. It has a population of approximately fifty thousand people. The number of Catholics is only four or five persons. The city is built on a bluff running along the bank of the river. To go from the lower to the upper end of the city means a climb of several hundred steps, not an easy nor a very pleasant trip in the heat of summer.

I have rented a house near the river, almost at the foot of the steps. The property we own is nearly a mile farther up, half way between the

two parts of the city. Later on we will have to build a chapel in the lower section. At my present location I will strive to make the Church known by giving out medicine and attending the sick. My catechist will also preach doctrine from my doorstep. There will be no difficulty in getting Chinese to listen. They are always curious. The curiosity of some, with God's mercy and grace, will lead them to embrace the true Faith. It is impossible to describe the Chinese house we are living in; in fact, most Chinese houses are beyond description. Instead of giving you the impression that they were built, you form an idea that they simply "happened."

This new mission of Wangtsun will take several stations also into its care; some from the Paotsing Mission and some from Yungshunfu. Nearly all are bandit districts, and Father Raphael says they are much worse than the bandits around Yuanchow or Kienyang. Recently these bandits murdered two of our Christians, a man and a boy. They stabbed the man to death, but after making the boy undergo horrible tortures they actually cut him into pieces. The boy's grandfather came the next day to collect the remains of the body and found it had been eaten by pigs.

I visited Sa Wan Chee, one of these out-missions in the bandit territory, a few days after the Assumption. It was interesting to me to find that I was the first white person ever to visit the place, though it is only fifteen miles from Wangtsun. You would think I was a one ring circus from the way the Chinese turned out to stare at me and to follow me. For very many of them I was the first white man they ever saw. Imagine what a curiosity I must have been to them. To make the journey I had to use a Chinese horse, hired for the trip, and a Chinese saddle. The stirrups were made for the short legs of a China-

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GRATITUDE FOR YOUR HELP IS THE MESSAGE FROM CHINESE MISSIONS

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AT YUNGSHUNFU MISSION: Left to right Father Agatho Purtil, C. P., the Mrs. Mandarin, the Mandarin himself and our old friend and indispensable Brother Lambert Budde, C. P.

man, so when I mounted the saddle my knees were almost up to my chin. Stirrups are essential to riding over here, because of the continual up and downs over mountains.

I reached Sa Wan Chee just after dark, and it seemed as though half the town at once came to see me. My home during my stay there was a little straw "lean-to" "dirtee and movee" with bugs. To prepare supper, the cook had built a fire in the middle of the room. There were no walls to the place, just a fence of bamboo sticks close enough to keep out anything larger than a dog. The chapel was a small room hardly big enough to turn around in and with the same fence work instead of walls.

The next morning the Chinese crowded around the door and on all sides for Holy Mass. There were plenty of distractions, but my most fervent and frequent thought and prayer was that some of these poor people would receive the gift of faith. We have at least twenty Catholics in Sa Wan Chee; all is due to the initiative of the Chinese themselves. They not only appreciate the gift of faith but have true zeal and make every effort to win others to the love and service of God.

I will never forget my return trip to Wangtsun. We reached the North river at noon. All I

could get to eat was a bowl of dry rice. We crossed the river and started to walk the remaining miles to Wangtsun. It was terribly hot, but later it began to rain and though we got very wet, it cooled things off. After traveling eight miles, it became dark, and there we were, my Chinese boys and myself without a light and a long way to go over rough narrow paths cut on the side of the mountains far above the river. I am certain it was only through prayer that we managed to get through safely. I was so tired I felt like lying down right where I was for the night. The river which was at flood stage appeared as a huge yellow field inviting us to step off and rest ourselves. We dared not stop, so kept on stumbling on our way. At times I had to get down and feel for the path. We finally arrived opposite Wangtsun at nine o'clock. After some difficulty we managed to get a boat to take us across the river and after making the climb of all the steps to where our mission was then located, I was home.

Fortunately, Father Theophane was there. It did not take him long to get a good supper for us. This was the first real food I had had since 4.30 that morning. The dry rice was too much, and I took only a mouthful of it. This trip to Sa Wan Chee was the first time I ever had to



remove shoes and socks to ford rivers. Forging is a common thing for the missionaries, but usually one is on the back of a mule. We have a number of the children from Sa Wan Chee attending our school at Paotsing, whom we hope some day will be fervent Christians.

There have been a number of other interesting things to write about, especially my being held up by the bandits and at another time the boat I was traveling on being stopped by them, but I have not the time to relate these incidents. I have been over roads reported to be filled with bandits on an average of once a week, but so far have been very fortunate. Right now here in Shenchow the cholera is very bad. Every day the Chinese are holding processions; yesterday and today they had the dragon dance. All manner of noises are part of these ceremonies; all for the purpose of placating the demons who are causing the cholera. Many deaths have already occurred and no doubt there will be many more. Another war has just come to an end in the Paotsing district. This one did not last as long nor cause so much misery as the invasion of Shung Ke Wu some months ago.

### School At Shenchowfu

By SISTERS OF CHARITY

**T**ODAY is Sunday October 4, and though we have had some rain, the weather is now delightfully clear and cool. We appreciate it after the great heat since May. From

the windows of our convent we get a very pretty view of the opposite side of the river. The hills in the distance, about twenty of them, with a pagoda standing on the top of the highest one to the left; a white-washed pagan monastery at the foot of the hill, and to the right another pagan *meow* or temple; all make a very pleasing picture, especially at sunrise. Some day we hope to climb those hills and enjoy the scenery around them.

School was resumed as usual on Monday morning October 5. To encourage the pupils to come to school regularly and on time, we had a roll-call of all who had not been late or absent during the month. To the three best we gave medals tied with ribbon to wear during the week. The medals were made of medallions of St. Therese with her picture turned in, and Chinese characters inscribed on the outer side telling that the wearers were excellent pupils. These girls of course were thereby given "much face," and there was no lack of tears from those who had been coming in day after day at 9.30 or 10.00 o'clock, or not at all. The native teacher does not seem to be greatly impressed with the necessity of prompt and regular attendance on the part of the pupils, and does not take very kindly to these devices for improving matters. But we think she will see things our way after a while.

To further encourage our little school, we had Pan Hsien Seng, the teacher, write the names of the fourteen who came every day on time, and having mounted this paper on some cardboard,



A funeral Mass in an open field at one of the out Missions of the Yungshunfu Mission. Father Agatho Purtill, C. P., Celebrant. Note that all the mourners wear white.

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LET NO MONTH GO BY WITHOUT DOING SOMETHING FOR CHINA

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Grinning and happy at the Sin Si Pin Mission. A bowl of rice often means the saving of a life in these famine days



Behind the wood-pile. Shenchowfu Kitchen quartette. Instruments aplenty—food—scarce!

saved from the unpacking, covered it with blue paper, and hung it on the door for passers-by to see. More "face" for our good pupils! All the children were in school today and on time. We do not know how long that will continue.

On Wednesday we had only one session school as usual. Fathers Flavian and Godfrey arrived here today from Supu. The young woman who acts as catechist for them came also, and was most anxious to meet the Sisters. The party was guarded by thirty-six soldiers, whom Father Flavian terms "real bandits," and himself the "bandits' chaplain." Four years over here has apparently had no ill effects on him, nor crushed his usual jolly spirits, although he has had his share of hardships in China.

With Thursday came English class in the afternoon. It is not difficult to have patience with the children trying to catch the sounds, after our own experience during the year with the *tsi's* and *chi's* of their language, to say nothing about tones. Maria is making progress in a practical knowledge of English, and surprises and amuses us with such statements as: "It is yellow deh hen, deh hen." Deh hen is the term to denote superlative degree in Chinese. It is her turn to laugh when we make a mistake, but she always manages to understand us. The Fathers say that when they were learning the language there was nearly always somebody near who could understand what they wanted to say. We had a drawing lesson in school on Friday and were surprised to find the children using erasers, the last thing we expected to find in central China. We learned later that there are shops in Shenchowfu where pencils and several other things of foreign make are on sale.

Saturday October 10 was the anniversary of the founding of the Chinese Republic. There was no school and we were glad to have the day to attend to other things. Chinese Republic is certainly a misnomer. Since the Fathers came from Supu, we have had the happiness of hearing five Masses every morning. Three of the priests can celebrate Holy Mass in the church at the same time. The beautiful weather continues. The boys from the school came over on Sunday for singing class. Their own native songs, taught every week in the school year, are ruinous to their voices as they shout them, and they are for the most part in low tones, so our task is not an easy one. However, they try and that is encouraging. Fathers Flavian and Godfrey came over today and told us many interesting stories of mission life. They leave for Supu tomorrow. There is quite an epidemic just now of some Chinese disease. One of the Christians of Shenchow has been arrested on some pretext of "Chinese curve," and is in danger of

EVERY DAY MONEY IS THROWN AWAY THAT MIGHT FEED THE HUNGRY

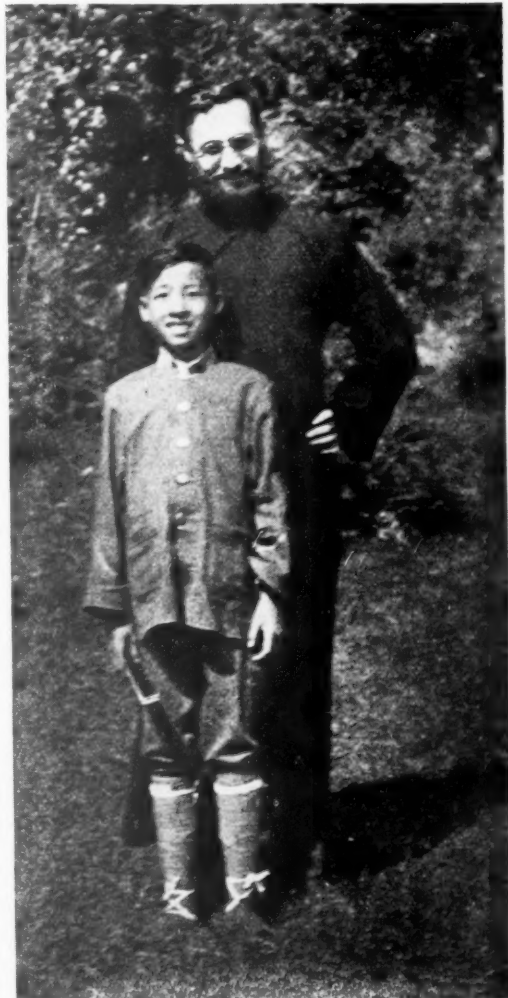
execution. We are praying for his release. American mail came today.

About eight o'clock at night two women came from the catechumens' school and knocked at our gate. They invited us over to hear Margaret, a bride-to-be, crying. She is to be married tomorrow, and custom demands that for three days previous, she and her friends get together and set up a wail for an hour or more, weepingly declaring her sorrow at leaving her old friends and other associations. Needless to say we did not accept the invitation to help with the mourning.

During the past two or three days we noticed that we are up long before sunrise, and that our watches seem to disagree with the sun as far as we can judge. We, in other words, would like to know what time it is. Of course we go by the sun and not standard time, but at present we are not agreeing with sun time, either. It may be tomorrow for all we know.

This morning, October 13, Margaret was married at a nuptial Mass. It began at half past six. The church was lighted by two small lamps placed on tables near the altar rail. The prieu dieux were covered with white and red which latter color is the style for festive occasions. The bride was dressed in red satin highly ornamented with blue embroidery. She wore a crescent-shaped bonnet from which hung over her face strings of beads. The groom wore the usual Chinese *i-fu*, black and gray, and an Alpine hat of foreign make with two gilt ornaments on either side like wings. He walked up to the sanctuary first, accompanied by his best man. A few minutes later, Margaret was lead up the aisle by her bridesmaid upon whose arm she leaned heavily. According to etiquette, she ought to be dragged and pushed forward, but she carried out the custom in a modified manner. When the Mass was finished, the bride walked down from the sanctuary some time after the groom, and looked as if she were attending a funeral, being half carried by her maid. When she reached the women's grounds, she was lifted, we were told, on the back of one of the men and carried out to the sedan chair in which she was conducted to the home of her husband's relatives, not far away, with whom she must live.

On Wednesday Margaret came over to the convent, accompanied by several of her friends and a servant. She carried a tray of small cups, filled with water in which were mixed ginger and sugar. We had to sit down and drink this concoction, and as the tray was passed, place some coppers upon it, as it would be a great breach of etiquette not to do so. After two or three days more of celebrating, Margaret expects to come back to our embroidery class.



A little lad with great ambition to be a Mass server. Father Cyprian Frank, C. P., at the Fenghwang Mission gives him daily instructions.

There is trouble again in Hunan. Some unwellcome general and his soldiers are at Luchow or thereabouts, and many troops are marching past our door on their way to the scene of fighting. As usual, every poor coolie in sight is taken to carry the luggage of the army; and Dominic, one of the servants of the Missions, was among the unfortunate group. The Monsignor heard of it in time, and sent a letter to the officer in charge, who immediately released the young man. All day the soldiers have been going out of the city, and there is a tenseness and silence about the

REMEMBER YOU HAVE MANY THINGS THE POOR IN CHINA HAVE NOT



Not much of a Pullman in which to make a three days' journey as did Rt. Rev. Msgr. Dominic Langenbacher, C. P., Prefect Apostolic of Passionist Missions in China

place which we have noticed always exists whenever there is trouble. The same strange quietness prevailed a few weeks ago, when T'ien, a military leader, was assassinated. The natives live in fear of the soldiers, and even the children lower their voices when speaking of them.



Hungry—rather. Downhearted—never. Father Rupert Langenbacher, C. P., sets out on his rounds from the Luki Mission.

It has been raining today, October 17, but we went to the post office. The post master speaks very good English. Two of us went over to the church to take care of the altar. The Fathers have been doing this work themselves, but so many demands are made upon them it will be a relief. When it comes to keeping things as clean as we were used to at home, we cannot depend upon the natives, but have to stay with them and tell them just what to do every time work has to be done. We found out that our clocks have been an hour and a half fast. We put them back during the week. Today we put them forward an hour—kerosene saving time.

We still continue our visits to the cancer patient. It is in truth a sight not easily forgotten. Her coffin stands in the next room where she can see it. Today, October 20, four of the Sisters went to visit the Protestant missionaries. They have been very friendly, sending beautiful flowers from their gardens. Miss Miller and another lady, came in several times to see us. They invited us up to see their place, so we accepted, leaving Sister Electa home "to mind the house." To our great surprise and relief, we received the caps from Convent Station. They came while the Sisters were out, and they were overjoyed on seeing them when they returned. It really seemed like Christmas.

October 21, was the anniversary of our landing in China. We recalled some of the events of the year and thanked God for His goodness to us. We went to visit the cancer patient. She had just died before we arrived. She was baptized only

FEBRUARY BRINGS LENT THE TIME TO DO PENANCE AND BE CHARITABLE



a few months ago. We brought back with us a little girl about eight years of age. She was the little slave of the dead woman, who willed her to us, or rather to the Church. The little one is now one of our little band of orphans. We shall be glad when the orphanage is built. The mission buildings here would be very unpretentious if they were in America, yet the natives stand and look at them in amazement. The women living in our compound make ten trips up and down the stairs when one would do. However, they all show great respect for us, and in general a very good feeling for us, although the Fathers have to go slowly in placing us where the woman catechist, for instance, has always been considered supreme. Even the teacher in the school finds it hard to acknowledge our authority, so we have to think of ways and means to win them, as our present inability to talk the language well enough to make our intentions clear, makes it necessary to let many things pass unnoticed. To quote Father Flavian: "We are inclined to go in a straight line, while the Chinese go in a curve, and there is danger of our not meeting."

We now have forty one pupils in our school, seven boys and thirty-four girls. Twenty-two are pagans. We spent about six hours today trying to find out the best way to iron. The natives do not iron. They wash only. We have some charcoal irons, but it tries one's patience to have to stop and fan the charcoal or wait for one of the women to do it. We were ironing the altar linens.



The bowl brigade. When the famine victims begin to form the rice line at the Shenchowfu Mission. Note living skeleton in the foreground

It took a week to get them white after having been laundered several times by natives. When we have settled on the best way to do them,



A corner in a wealthy home. Cards form an attractive amusement in Chinese society

LET NO DAY PASS WITHOUT REMEMBERING THE NEEDY CHINESE MISSIONS

we shall teach one of the natives, but as yet we are undecided. We have only wood and charcoal for fuel.

Anna, the woman who died of cancer was buried today, October 24. All the women and girls of the Mission went to the funeral wearing white bands on their heads, and a white artificial flower on their breasts. The fire-crackers and tinpan music were in evidence. We had a high Mass of Requiem in the church. The coffin was covered with red drapery, and the mourners walked two by two between ropes of white muslin. Fathers Anthony and Theophane and Brother Lambert arrived in Shenchow. They had an exciting trip from Yungshunfu, having been fired on by bandits.

On Sunday October 25, we spent over two hours teaching the boys to sing. They are doing a little better. We attended the Way of the Cross and Benediction this afternoon. It has been raining all day. We wore our rubber coats to church for the second time. On Monday we spent the day in the school trying to master the language. Between three and four, Sister Loretta was with the little ones of the class, about twenty, teaching them the letters of the alphabet, and to say "I stand," "I sit," "I sing," "I talk," "I laugh," "I run." In the back of the same room was Sister Devota with the other half of the class, backs turned to the smaller pupils, also trying to impart some knowledge of English. The books and pamphlets sent by Sister Austina are proving useful.

On Tuesday we taught *Seo Kong*, hand-work. We are following the lessons in the native text

book which includes everything from paper-folding to washing clothes. Sister Loretta took the younger children for physical drills, as they are too small for the other work. The school children are to go on a picnic Thursday. The next day the native teacher spent much time teaching Chinese songs and physical drills for tomorrow's picnic. Here is an instance where east and west do not agree. The natives heartily dislike Western music. One of the Fathers was telling us today that when the thirteen came over, they sang a very beautiful "O Salutaris" one Sunday afternoon. After the services, one of the priests asked a native how he liked the singing. His answer was, "Well, we are Christians and therefore have to put up with it." Now we feel just the same about Chinese singing. We are missionaries, and must tolerate everything the natives like.

### Gemma's League

During the month of December the following prayers and good works were offered for the Passionist Missions in China:

#### Spiritual Treasury

Masses said	22	Rosaries	25,057
Masses heard	28,833	Beads of the	
Holy Communion	16,192	Seven Dolors	5,467
Visits to B. Sacrament	56,620	Ejaculatory Prayers	3,750,980
Spiritual Communions	131,840	Hours of Study, Reading	47,563
Sacrifices, Sufferings	154,515	Hours of Labor	50,874
Benediction Services	10,270	Acts of Kindness, Charity	44,214
Stations of the Cross	12,381	Acts of Zeal	187,131
Visits to the Crucifix	49,766	Prayers, Devotions	303,356
Beads of the Five Wounds	4,754	Various Works	195,899
Offerings of the Precious Blood	933,597		
Visits to Our Lady	26,759		

### "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

**K**INDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

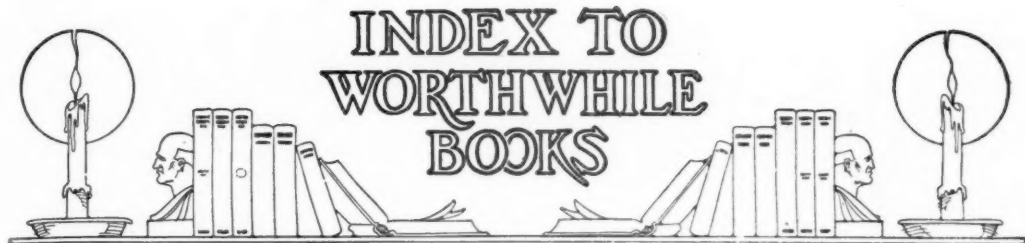
REV. PATRICK FLAVIN  
REV. CANNON JAMES FLAVIN  
REV. P. W. MORRISSEY  
REV. J. A. MOONEY  
SISTER JULIA JOSEPH, S. N. D.  
SISTER MARY CHRISTINE  
ANDREW J. PHELAN  
LEO GROVER  
MRS. CATHERINE MURPHY  
MRS. BRIDGET O'ROURKE  
SARAH O'ROURKE  
PATRICK O'ROURKE  
MARTIN O'ROURKE  
MRS. SARAH HOLLERAN  
MRS. MARY KANE  
DANIEL O'BRIEN  
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**M**AY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



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**EUCCHARIST WHISPERINGS, Vol. II.** Adapted by Winifred Herbst, S. D. S. The Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis. Price: \$0.50.

This is another series of beautiful sentiments centered on Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Like Volume I, it contains pious reflections, devout communings of the soul with the Savior, and "whisperings" from the Eucharistic King. This book will appeal to some temperaments more than to others. Souls who are accustomed to mental prayer will find the thoughts and affections helpful when their minds are harassed by distractions or their hearts dull and without feeling. Others will derive consolation from reading this little book whenever they are in the presence of the Tabernacle. Some of the meditations recommend themselves more for certain devotions than do others. A list of the more appropriate "whisperings" is given in the appendix.

**TELL US ANOTHER.** By Winifred Herbst, S. D. S. The Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis. Price: \$1.10.

This is a collection of sixty-five stories for juveniles. Some are original, some are not, but all are told in an original way. Each carries a lesson of virtue. They can be used in the class-room or by parents at home. Priests will find them very suitable for their talks to children. There is nothing like a good story to create interest. The Chinese have a proverb to the effect "that one example is worth a thousand words." Here we have appropriate stories for children from which to draw in "order to point a moral or adorn a tale."

**FUNDAMENTALS OF CATHOLIC BELIEF.** By Rev. John F. Sullivan, D.D. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price \$2.00.

Serious minded Catholics and earnest Protestants will be pleased with this manual. It sets forth in scientific fashion the essential truths of our Faith. It might be called a dogmatic theology in English. Though treating of dogma, the style is neither ponderous nor dry. It gives a more ample idea of the fundamentals of Catholic belief than is found in the more advanced catechisms. Yet it is not so lengthy that it would exhaust an ordinary thoughtful reader's capacity of application. The facts and theories taught by science, even the results of recent research, are used to advantage and give to the work a note of timeliness. The introduction offers a concise idea of what Catholic Faith is. "Can we wayfarers in this world know anything of God?"—The lay reader may be astonished by the answer the author supplies to his own question. A collection of arguments drawn from geological and astronomical sources are found in the interesting chapters on the creation of the world, the origin of man, and the human soul.

Then follows a sound exposition of the dogmas concerning our Saviour, His Blessed Mother, Sin,

and Redemption. The author's treatment of Grace, while clear, is of such a form that it may not readily arrest the attention of lay readers. The facts which every Catholic should know about his Church and the Sacraments are given proper consideration. Indulgences, so absurdly misrepresented by many non-Catholics, are clearly explained. Eternal Punishment, the Souls in Purgatory, and the Beatific Vision of God form the concluding chapters of this timely publication.

**IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY: Selected Address.** By William Bourke Cockran. Putnam & Sons, New York. 408 pages.

William Bourke Cockran for many years held a prominent place among the public speakers of our nation. He was a man ardently espoused to three great ideas,—the Catholic Faith, American Liberty, and the Cause of Ireland. These themes were ever on his tongue and many were the thousands who were thrilled by his eloquence as he poured forth those matchless periods which earned for him the title of "silver tongued" orator. Putnam & Sons have gathered into one volume seventeen of Cockran's choicest orations. Friends and admirers of the great orator have now the opportunity of reading at leisure the words "of a voice that is still." The book is a worthy tribute to the memory of a great man. Its high grade make-up is a credit to the publishers.

**THE MYSTERY OF LOVE. Thirty Considerations on the Blessed Sacrament, with Examples.** By Archbishop Lepecier, O. S. M., New York. Benziger Bros. Price: \$1.50.

This is a devotional work on the Blessed Sacrament. The author, who is a recognized authority in theology, forgets the cold terminology of the schools and clothes his thirty considerations in language warm from the heart. Each sets forth a phase of the Church's doctrine concerning our Eucharistic King. The unction pervading the simple diction of these clear and solid discourses bids fair to enkindle devotion. There is nothing of what is called "sentiment" in them. We are confident that the examples of miraculous manifestations of Our Savior's sacramental presence will appeal to many readers.

**EATING AND HEALTH.** By J. J. Walsh, M. D. The Stratford Co., Boston, Mass. Price: \$1.50.

The convictions of the medical profession regarding the value of that much-talked-of food element, the vitamins, have produced a great change in maxims for healthful eating. Yet there is still a widespread misunderstanding of correct food values and the benefits to be derived from them. Dr. Walsh wishes to broadcast recent scientific findings on the relations between eating and health in order to correct persistent erroneous notions. The modern physician would give counsels like the following: (1) Eat

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when you feel like it. (2) Eat what you like. (3) Do not be afraid of eating between meals, provided you do not disturb the appetite for your regular meal. (4) If there is more than four hours between your last meal and bed-time be sure to eat something before going to sleep, unless you have a very weighty reason why you should not. (5) Be sure to eat some raw, rough foods every day. Such things are extremely important; the coarser they are, the better. (6) Never get up from the table hungry. The old rule has no more sense than if we were to say, "wash your hands but leave them a trifle dirty." (7) Your appetite is your best guide. Even small children when in health know how much to take and when to stop eating. (8) Drink freely with your meals, but be sure you chew your food enough, and do not wash food down with large gulps of fluid. (9) A dry diet is harder to digest than one which is moist, for moist food is much more rapidly and more completely absorbed; but moisten it after it reaches the stomach—not before. (10) Do not fear to weaken the gastric juice by drinking with meals. The active elements in the gastric juice are

biological rather than chemical. They act by their very presence and are not diluted in the crude way that used to be thought.

The book explains these basic conclusions and offers arguments in their favor. Occasionally a word of caution is given for their use in exceptional cases. The following, we are confident, will not meet with the approval of those engaged in the manufacture of ice-cream. Dr. Walsh says, "Commercial ice-cream is often worthless or worse." He also refutes the old notions about veal, red and dark meats, and tomatoes. He stresses the importance of clean hands while eating. He asserts that weight is the criterion of healthiness. He gives due attention to the use and abuse of tea and coffee. Finally, he suggests some tempting menus for the fattening of the spare, the thinning of the stout, and the maintenance of normalcy in the normal.

Such maxims as we have culled from the book are evidence that the author is a firm believer in what philosophy terms the "vis aestimativa," which, being interpreted, is nothing more than "common sense."

### "By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

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Passaic, S. A. G. \$2; Paterson, F. M. K. \$5; J. M. N. \$1;  
W. L. \$1; M. O. B. \$5; C. M. \$1; M. M. \$2; E. D. G. \$1;  
Princeton, H. A. D. \$10; J. J. S. \$1; M. S. \$1; W. J. C. \$2;  
J. L. N. \$1; J. C. \$1; E. V. \$1; Perth Amboy, M. J. K. \$2;  
M. M. \$1; J. H. L. \$5; Ridgewood, P. G. M. \$10; M. M. \$10;  
Riveredge, M. B. \$2; Roselle, S. G. \$1; E. M. H. \$4.80; South  
Orange, A. G. \$3; E. R. \$2; M. B. C. \$2; P. O. C. \$5; M. C. R.  
\$3; A. J. F. \$5; Summit, A. M. C. \$1; E. N. \$2; A. N. \$2;  
Union City, J. H. \$5; M. B. \$2; M. E. B. \$5; M. J. N. \$1.15  
P. M. \$5; Anon. \$3.60; M. B. \$10; W. H. \$10; E. C. \$5.10; Anon.  
\$2.75; O. S. D. \$5; J. C. B. \$1; H. G. \$1; E. D. C. \$5; C. M. \$1;  
F. F. B. \$1; P. L. \$1; M. W. \$1; M. S. \$1; O. F. \$10; P. G. \$1;  
M. C. \$1.10; J. C. \$2; E. J. A. \$2; M. A. \$1; P. G. \$1; M. P. \$10;  
P. O. D. \$1; M. R. \$1; E. R. \$2; L. S. \$2; F. H. G. \$2; N. G. \$2;  
G. F. B. \$1; H. L. \$1; M. S. \$3; F. Z. \$1; F. B. \$5; F. V. R. \$2;  
Webster Grove, M. J. M. \$5; J. A. C. \$10; J. W. \$5; H. J. R. \$2;  
Weehawken, J. E. D. \$1; M. P. P. W. \$20; A. P. \$15; T. E. C. \$5;  
W. T. C. \$5; West Collingswood, G. J. R. \$1; West New York,  
M. R. L. \$2; M. J. F. \$10; A. S. \$5; A. M. G. \$2; West Orange,  
H. G. \$1; B. M. \$3; F. N. \$2; C. M. D. \$2; Westwood, E. O. C.  
\$2; Woodcliff, A. M. C. \$2;  
N. Y. Albany, L. B. \$2; Annadale, C. B. \$2; Astoria, H. M. O. Q.  
\$150; G. M. M. \$1; M. B. \$2; E. M. C. \$6; D. N. \$2; M. O. R.  
\$2; A. A. \$5; J. B. \$3; Auburn, A. M. G. \$1; H. J. R. \$1;  
Bayshore, E. L. \$1; M. J. L. \$1; Bellaire, D. N. \$2; Bellport,  
A. H. \$5; Brooklyn, M. J. R. \$2; H. M. \$1; M. K. M. \$5;  
J. M. M. \$3; P. M. T. \$3; A. A. \$1; M. M. C. \$10; A. B. M. \$1;  
J. L. \$1; M. C. \$2; H. D. \$2; G. J. S. \$10; H. W. D. \$10;  
M. C. \$2; J. O. C. \$10; M. K. \$1; F. G. \$2; E. K. \$1; O. G. \$100;  
S. M. L. \$5; M. C. M. \$20; M. G. \$5; T. K. \$25.50; P. C. \$2;  
K. \$10; M. J. P. \$1; M. M. N. \$2; J. R. \$2; R. J. B. \$5; A. A. \$2;  
A. D. \$2.50; E. M. B. \$1; W. K. \$4; M. A. M. \$5; W. C. H. \$2;  
J. T. \$2; M. L. \$2; J. H. \$5; W. T. B. \$2; M. M. F. \$5;  
J. M. W. \$1; A. D. \$2; T. H. \$1; J. C. \$1; J. T. L. \$2; E. S. \$1;  
A. E. A. \$2; J. M. D. \$33; N. B. \$5; A. B. \$10; J. G. \$2;  
E. N. \$3.25; W. S. W. \$1; D. Z. \$1; J. D. \$1.10; J. N. \$3;  
H. C. \$1; M. J. F. \$1; P. M. \$5; D. E. L. \$2; R. R. \$2; A. L. \$2;  
K. A. B. \$1; A. M. K. \$1; M. S. \$2; M. V. W. \$1; M. J. S. \$2;  
C. C. \$1; M. S. \$2; J. H. \$1; E. C. \$5; H. G. S. \$50; H. A. \$1;  
H. B. \$1; P. O. H. \$2; K. J. R. \$6; S. R. \$2; M. M. W. \$2;  
L. K. \$1; J. W. R. \$1; J. R. \$1; P. P. \$2; L. T. F. \$2; G. L. H.  
\$2.50; E. O. \$10; M. V. S. \$1; C. A. B. \$1; M. D. \$1; E. M. F. \$1;  
K. A. B. \$1; C. E. P. \$1; M. O. \$1; R. M. M. \$1; M. K. S. \$1;  
J. K. \$5; J. K. \$5; J. K. \$3; M. M. G. \$1; P. D. \$1; P. M. T. \$3;  
A. M. N. \$1; M. L. S. \$5; M. M. G. \$5; E. M. K. \$1; M. M. \$1;  
G. \$5; E. M. K. \$1; M. M. G. \$1; E. M. K. \$1; M. M. G. \$1;  
J. M. D. \$1; M. D. \$5; M. M. C. \$1; V. M. C. \$1; A. M. C. \$2;  
\$5; M. C. M. \$5; R. M. \$1; E. M. \$3; M. T. M. \$2; J. M. \$30;  
M. R. L. \$1; J. T. L. \$2; M. L. \$1; M. L. \$1; K. L. \$2.50;  
M. L. \$2; F. V. K. \$10; M. K. \$1; E. K. \$1; V. K. \$1; M. L. K.  
\$1; M. K. \$2; W. B. K. \$3; C. K. \$2; W. K. \$2; P. J. K. \$3;  
E. J. K. \$5; M. J. K. \$2; M. K. \$2; H. C. \$2; H. J. \$10; S. M. \$1;  
J. \$1; L. J. \$5; K. H. \$5; E. S. \$5; M. H. \$5; F. E. H. \$2;  
E. L. \$1; M. E. H. \$5; F. J. H. \$2; J. G. H. \$1; A. H. \$2;  
J. S. H. \$1; J. H. \$3; C. G. \$1; J. J. G. \$5; E. H. G. \$3;  
M. A. G. \$2; P. G. \$1; R. G. \$1; M. G. \$1; M. G. \$1; C. M. \$1;  
G. \$3; K. G. \$1.50; A. A. G. \$1; H. J. G. \$5; H. C. G. \$1;  
D. M. G. \$1; A. G. \$1; M. F. \$2; K. A. F. \$1; M. C. F. \$1;  
E. F. \$2; M. F. \$1; E. F. F. \$3; M. F. \$1; M. J. F. \$1; A. M. F.  
\$1; L. C. F. \$1; C. W. E. \$1; L. C. F. \$2; J. D. \$2; T. D. \$5;  
G. A. G. \$5; A. G. R. \$2; J. E. D. \$10; M. D. \$2; R. D. L. \$1;  
E. D. A. \$1; E. M. C. \$1; M. C. \$2; J. L. C. \$2; W. J. C. \$3;  
A. C. \$1; M. C. \$1; J. R. \$1; K. C. \$1; E. C. \$2; J. T. C. \$30;  
H. H. C. \$5; H. M. C. \$2; E. R. C. \$2; M. C. \$1; J. J. C. \$2;  
H. K. N. \$1; A. B. \$2; A. M. B. \$5; J. B. \$3; A. B. \$1; M. B.

\$10; A. E. B. \$2; D. J. B. \$1; L. B. \$2; W. B. \$1; P. J. B. \$2;  
L. J. A. \$1; M. C. Z. \$5; M. W. \$2; W. T. W. \$1; J. W. \$25;  
J. W. \$1; M. W. \$10; C. A. V. \$1; L. M. \$1; A. O. B. \$5;  
H. O. B. \$1; M. O. B. \$1; W. C. \$2; P. O. C. \$1; D. O. C. \$1;  
J. O. C. \$1; H. O. D. \$5; A. D. H. \$2; E. M. O. \$5; C. O. K.  
\$2.10; M. O. S. \$2; W. C. P. \$5; C. P. \$6; A. P. \$2; J. D. P.  
\$1; J. A. O. \$10; M. A. R. \$3; E. R. \$5; J. R. \$2; J. P. S.  
\$1; T. O. S. \$1; M. T. \$1; R. S. \$1; E. R. W. \$2; T. J. M. \$5;  
A. H. M. \$2; M. B. M. \$3; A. T. M. \$1; M. E. M. \$1; F. B. M. \$1;  
\$2; M. M. V. \$1; C. M. \$2; E. H. M. \$1; M. V. M. \$1; R. O.  
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M. M. G. \$2; M. N. \$2; R. O. \$6.23; D. W. T. \$2; P. F. \$3;  
M. M. D. \$5; K. C. \$5; K. M. C. \$5; M. L. \$2; L. A. S. \$1;  
M. F. N. \$1; Buffalo, S. M. B. \$15; S. B. \$10.50; City Island,  
A. F. \$5; Corning, A. J. S. \$1; Dunkirk, E. J. T. \$1; M. M. L.  
\$1; A. M. C. \$2; M. S. \$2; Anon. \$2; K. I. K. \$5; H. J. K. \$10;  
E. W. \$1; A. L. M. \$1; D. S. \$1; M. A. K. \$1; M. H. W. \$1;  
M. E. S. \$2; W. J. A. \$5; Elmhurst, A. G. W. \$1; D. M. A. \$1;  
M. B. \$1; C. R. C. \$1; E. M. H. \$2; F. J. S. \$2.50; Friend, \$20;  
J. J. W. \$5; K. S. \$1; Floral Park, H. R. \$2; Forest Hills,  
W. B. W. \$5; Glendale, E. H. \$1; M. S. \$1; Hollis, S. M. V. \$2;  
Jackson Heights, C. M. K. \$5; Jamaica, C. J. \$1; W. A. W. \$5;  
L. L. G. \$3; C. S. R. \$1; E. J. L. \$5; P. L. \$10; Jamestown,  
M. L. C. \$2; Katonah, R. A. E. \$5; Kingston, J. N. \$1; J. D.  
\$1; M. E. H. \$3; D. O. R. \$1; Larchmont, J. G. \$5; Lawrence,  
N. W. \$2; Liberty, E. M. \$1; Lockport, J. M. \$2; Long Island  
City, M. L. S. \$3; J. J. G. \$2; J. B. \$3; M. F. \$2; A. L. R. \$5;  
M. A. \$2; C. G. \$2; H. M. \$1; Mapleton, J. M. Q. \$1; New York  
City, M. T. \$5; A. M. \$1; J. C. \$1; E. L. C. \$10; R. R. \$1;  
A. E. \$5; H. F. D. \$5; M. C. \$2; G. T. \$25; M. C. \$5; K. D. \$1;  
A. A. \$2; M. M. S. \$10; W. L. H. \$1; A. G. \$2; A. D. \$1; M. G. \$1;  
\$3; F. B. S. \$5; E. F. H. \$1; M. C. L. \$2; F. N. \$5; J. F. \$3;  
H. B. S. \$1; M. G. \$1; K. C. \$20; W. M. C. \$3; J. R. \$1; J. T. \$2;  
\$3; M. K. \$1; E. P. \$1; C. T. \$1; A. L. K. \$1; M. O. L. \$3;  
\$3; J. J. G. \$3; L. L. \$4.20; J. A. F. \$1; F. F. \$4; M. N. C. \$5;  
M. M. G. \$5; M. O. B. \$10; E. L. 3.55; M. C. O. \$6; M. M. S.  
\$10; F. F. \$10; M. S. \$3; M. H. \$5; S. T. K. \$1; M. O. C. \$10;  
G. C. \$5; M. S. \$5; M. B. \$5; A. M. \$1; M. B. \$31; S. M. B. \$4;  
A. J. H. \$10; J. P. P. \$5; J. J. G. \$2; P. N. \$2; R. M. \$3; M. W.  
\$1; J. L. \$1; M. G. \$2; M. H. \$2; M. E. \$2; W. M. \$2;  
M. A. L. \$1; K. D. \$2; E. L. B. \$2; B. D. H. \$2; H. O. \$2;  
P. K. \$10; H. G. \$1; A. C. C. \$2; S. D. \$5; M. M. \$1; R. A. F.  
\$10; C. C. B. \$10; N. C. C. \$1; J. E. S. \$1; A. R. \$2; C. O. N.  
\$1; M. E. H. \$5; T. L. \$1; S. O. D. \$5; C. O. C. \$1; M. E. S.  
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J. N. M. K. M. N. \$2; E. M. C. \$5; K. O. N. \$1; A. L. \$2;  
M. B. \$2; E. P. \$1; M. M. D. \$3; M. M. \$2; M. W. \$15; E. F.  
\$2; E. D. \$10; R. K. \$2; A. M. \$14; A. C. \$5; C. M. \$2;  
A. E. \$5; B. S. \$1; N. S. \$1; J. L. O. \$1; K. M. M. \$1; P. M. \$1;  
G. \$1; C. J. N. \$2; E. M. H. \$2; A. B. \$5; M. C. D. \$5; N. M.  
K. \$3; P. H. H. \$5; T. M. G. \$3; M. O. C. \$2; L. F. M. \$1;  
C. M. \$2; A. S. \$5; C. S. \$10; M. L. \$1; M. M. \$2; J. J. M. \$5;  
G. A. W. \$5; S. S. \$5; E. R. \$5; M. O. N. \$1; K. R. \$2; A. M.  
A. \$1; J. F. B. \$5; M. B. \$1; D. C. \$2; R. C. \$3; Northport,  
M. B. \$1; Port Richmond, M. T. G. \$6.95; K. J. D. \$10;  
Roosevelt Park, A. W. \$5; Poughkeepsie, M. E. C. \$1; L. F. \$2;  
T. G. \$1; F. G. \$2; Richmond Hill, W. K. \$2; E. F. B. \$2;  
\$5; P. G. \$1; M. J. D. \$7; J. M. H. \$1; M. J. \$5; J. Z. \$2;  
Rye, B. L. D. \$1; Saranac Lake, T. H. F. \$1; A. H. \$2; A. M.  
D. \$1; K. D. L. \$2.50; E. L. C. \$1; E. G. \$2; W. H. G. \$5;  
Schenectady, M. J. D. \$1; W. M. C. \$1; T. A. K. \$1; Suffern,  
S. H. S. \$25; S. A. C. \$10; Tushahoe, J. C. \$5; E. M. D. \$3;  
Utica, M. S. \$1; Yonkers, A. V. S. \$10; A. J. S. \$2; M. L. \$2;  
Wakefield, C. O. \$1; Wards Island, B. \$2; White Plains,  
M. R. D. \$2; West New Brighton, T. A. K. \$2; White Plains,  
C. S. \$5; Whitestone, C. S. \$5; K. L. \$5; W. H. \$1; Woodhaven,  
E. F. W. \$1; A. M. K. \$5; Woodside, W. C. C. \$4.65;  
OHIO: Avondale, C. S. \$1; Bellaire, I. R. \$5; Bellefontaine,  
J. E. H. \$5; Akron, F. W. G. \$10; Cleveland, F. R. \$6; Cincin-  
nati, M. K. \$5; C. R. \$2; E. M. H. \$5; W. M. C. \$2; F. G. \$3;  
S. S. \$5; I. J. S. \$1; A. W. \$2; M. T. \$2; T. T. \$2; J. S. \$3;  
A. B. \$2; L. G. \$1; B. S. \$5; J. S. \$5; N. F. \$2; A. F. \$1; F. G.  
\$5; B. D. \$2; C. K. \$1; M. L. M. \$5; F. H. \$1; T. B. \$3; E. A.  
H. \$1.25; H. B. S. \$25; A. S. \$2; J. A. K. \$5; L. W. S. \$2;  
L. B. \$25; J. A. K. \$25; S. M. \$2; F. A. B. \$2; M. F. B. \$5;  
M. D. \$5; S. F. \$10; R. G. S. \$2; S. M. M. \$5; F. G. \$5;  
N. E. S. \$1; E. D. \$1; M. C. \$5; G. M. \$5; S. A. \$10; M. M. V.  
\$60; H. C. S. \$100; M. R. \$25; C. P. \$26; H. G. H. \$1; N. F. \$2;  
M. T. \$5; J. D. \$6; F. G. \$5; B. M. \$2; L. S. \$1; M. B. \$1;  
F. N. \$2; M. G. \$1; F. C. \$1; C. R. \$5; M. H. A. \$5;  
S. M. E. \$5; M. H. \$5; M. O. L. \$6; N. H. \$10; S. M. H. \$6;  
S. T. \$5; E. H. \$5; J. K. \$1; M. H. \$10; M. T. \$10; M. R. P.  
\$2; C. M. G. \$1.70; L. T. S. \$2; Columbus, M. N. \$1; E. C. \$5;  
A. M. S. \$1; Glendale, J. N. \$5.15; T. F. R. \$9; G. G. \$2; J. B.  
\$5; J. N. \$3; Hamilton, M. H. \$1; P. J. S. \$1; L. C. \$6; Honing  
Rock, E. E. C. \$5; Lakewood, M. O. C. \$5; Mingo Junction,  
S. A. S. \$1.25; C. S. \$1; Mt Vernon, S. C. \$2; Orient, E. J. H.  
\$1; Price Hill, H. K. \$4; Toledo, A. M. H. \$1; Westchester,  
G. H. \$1; West Jefferson, H. J. \$15; Youngstown, J. A. K. \$1.  
PA.: Altoona, M. K. R. \$1; Anita, J. A. G. \$2; Archbald, B. B.  
\$2; Ashley, J. J. S. \$5; N. M. L. \$1; F. C. P. \$5; Ashville,  
S. E. M. \$1; Athens, O. N. \$2; J. E. D. \$1; Avalon, W. F. \$6;  
C. J. L. \$1; J. M. M. \$1; B. A. G. \$1; Avoca, D. H. \$1; Banks-  
ville, E. S. \$1; Beachview, V. R. \$2; Bedford, R. G. K. \$5;  
Bellefonte, J. D. S. \$1; Bellevue, G. W. H. \$5; R. A. D. \$1;  
F. W. R. \$1; R. H. \$10; J. A. S. \$1; Beltzhoover, C. L. K. \$2;  
Ben Avon, P. E. G. \$2; Bethlehem, K. M. \$1; J. P. G. \$5;  
Blooming Grove, J. E. \$1; Bradock, M. J. L. \$5; M. H. \$1;  
W. P. B. \$10; N. P. K. \$3; C. C. \$2; M. E. M. \$5; C. M. D.  
\$10; W. F. B. \$10; B. M. B. \$1; J. H. \$2; M. B. \$6; C. S. \$1;  
Brighton, A. R. \$6; Bristleton, J. P. \$2; Bristol, C. F. B. \$5;

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Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION  
OF

**Highland Trust Company**

of New Jersey

Summit Avenue and Demott Street

TRANSFER STATION

UNION CITY, N. J.

At Close of Business, June 30th, 1925

ASSETS

U. S. Government Bonds - - -	\$511,229.86
State, County and City Bonds - - -	515,760.05
Railroad and other Bonds - - -	1,210,108.98
First Mortgages on Real Estate -	1,831,133.25
Loans and Notes Purchased - - -	888,353.79
Cash on Hand and in Banks - - -	267,185.54
Accrued Interest Receivable - - -	57,307.39
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures -	85,001.00

**\$5,366,079.86**

LIABILITIES

Capital - - - - -	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits - - -	191,962.63
Unearned Discount - - - - -	3,963.41
Reserved for Interest, Taxes and Contingencies - - - - -	31,441.64
Reserved for Dividend No. 26 - - -	6,000.00
Deposits - - - - -	4,832,712.18

**\$5,366,079.86**

Trust Funds are kept separate from the  
assets of the Company

**A  
Banking  
House  
of Merit**

OUR  
FRIENDLINESS  
AND  
HELPLESSNESS TO  
OUR PATRONS IS  
A VALUABLE  
ASSET NOT  
LISTED

2 Per Cent Interest  
Paid on Check Accounts  
4 Per Cent Interest  
Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and  
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS  
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will  
receive prompt and accurate  
attention.

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Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.  
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.  
Monday Evenings, 6 P. M. to  
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# Some *Ifs* and *Thens*

F you could see such a woeful sight as is here pictured \* IF you could see it multiplied a thousand times as it is seen in the Passionist Missions of North Hunan, China \* IF you could see the wan, appealing faces and skeleton bodies of homeless children \* IF you could see the streets and highways thronged with multitudes of men, women and children — penniless, sick, starved \* IF you could hear their piteous cries for only a bit of rice \* IF you could see their look of utter despair \* IF you could see the gruesome bodies of the dead with none to bury them \* IF you could see the dying who are too weak to ask for help and almost beyond it \* \* \* \* \*



A FAMISHED BOY FOUND ON A STREET IN YUNGSI, CHINA. HE WAS BAPTIZED BY REV. THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, PASSIONIST MISSIONARY, AND WENT TO HEAVEN WITH THE NAME OF ST. KENAN.

HEN you would begin to realize what the horrors of famine are \* THEN you would know how wonderfully blessed you are and have been \* THEN you would fall down on your knees and thank Almighty God from the bottom of your heart for all His goodness to you \* THEN you would give something to our Passionist Missionaries for the aid of these poor famine-sufferers, not because you are a Catholic and believe in Jesus Christ, but because you are human \* THEN because you ARE a Catholic and DO believe in Jesus Christ you would give, not merely something as though you were throwing it to a beggar, but you would give it with your heart, you would give till the giving hurt, because you are giving to Jesus Christ in the persons of His brethren, the famine-stricken of China.

{ PLEASE SEND YOUR DONATIONS TO  
THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES  
Care of THE SIGN  
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY }



